

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII.

AUGUST, 1880.

No. 10.

[Copyright, 1880, by Scribner & Co.]

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IN ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1876, I saw an illustration, by Gustave Doré, of the well-known fable of the "Fox and the Stork," and it reminded me of something that happened less than one hundred years ago. You shall hear the story.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the red cock, youngest, handsomest, and earliest riser of all the cocks in the poultry-yard. His rival, the old yellow cock, had gone to roost overnight with the full determination to be first up the next morning. But age is sleepy, and his head was still under his wing when the challenge of his victorious foe rang out upon the air. Being second is next best to being first, however, so he, too, flapped his wings, crowed loudly, sprang from the perch, followed by his wives and children, and in five minutes, clucking and cackling, the poultry-yard was alive with motion, and the chicken-day had fairly begun.

Wasp, the red terrier, heard the noise through his slumbers, yawned, stretched himself, turned around once or twice as if to make sure that his tail was where he left it the night before; then, jumping against the side of the house, he barked lustily. Half a minute later a window above opened, and a red object was thrust out. This red object was Rufus Swift's head, shaggy from sleep and not yet combed and brushed for the day.

"Hurray!" he cried. "No rain after all! Wasp, stop barking! Do you hear me, sir? You'll wake mother and give her a headache, and I want her in good humor this day of all days."

Wasp understood the tone, if not the words, and changed his bark to a low whine. Rufus drew in his head, and proceeded to wash and dress as fast as possible. He had many plans on foot and much

to do, for this was the day on which his school-fellow, Leggy Beekman, was to make him a visit.

Leggy's real name was Leggett, but as a school-boy he was bound to have a nickname, and being of a tall, spare figure, "Leggy" struck the other boys as rather a happy allusion to facts. Rufus had been but a few months at the school, he and Leggett were almost strangers, but, finding that their homes were near each other, Rufus made the most of the acquaintance, and teased his mother for leave to ask Leggett to spend a day, till at last she consented.

Mrs. Swift was a timid old lady, who dreaded boys and noise and confusion generally. She regarded Leggett as a formidable person, for when she asked Rufus what he would like by way of an entertainment for his friend, he answered, without hesitation: "A rat-hunt, a sail on the lake, and tickets for the juggler."

"Oh, dear me!" cried poor Mrs. Swift. "I'll send you to see the juggler and welcome, Rufy, but a rat-hunt! How can boys like such things! Are you sure Master Beekman does?"

"Why, Mother, of course, all boys like 'em," replied Rufus, purposely vague, for in truth he knew little about Leggett's likings and dislikings. "Rat-hunts are prime fun. And this is a prime time to have one, for the south barn is just swarming. Wasp and Fury'll pitch into 'em like sixty."

"Then that lake—I do dread it so much," went on Mrs. Swift; "it always seemed dangerous to me. Don't you think your friend would like something else just as well?"

"Fudge about danger," said disrespectful Rufus. "Now, Mother, don't forget, please. I won't have Beekman at all unless we can have a good time.

You said I might take my choice and do just what I wanted the day he came, and I choose the rat-hunt and the sail and the juggler."

Mrs. Swift sighed and submitted. After all, it was only kind in Rufus to plan to give his school-mate the things he enjoyed, she thought. She liked to have him unselfish and hospitable. But there was little hospitality in Rufus's thoughts, and no unselfishness. His plans were for his own benefit, not Leggett's, and he had no idea of consulting anybody's tastes but his own.

About eleven o'clock the visitor arrived. Mrs. Swift came down-stairs rather timidly: a boy who preferred sailing and rat-hunting to anything else must, she thought, be an alarming fellow. But Leggett did not look alarming in the least. He was a tall, loose-jointed, long-limbed boy, with a narrow, shallow face, hooked nose, and a pair of dark, short-sighted eyes. He had a way of putting his head close to things in order to see them, which gave him an odd, solemn appearance not at all boy-like. But, in spite of this and his awkward figure, he was a gentlemanly lad, and his bow and pleasant way of speaking made Mrs. Swift many degrees less afraid of him before he had been five minutes in the room.

Stout, active, freckled little Rufus danced about his guest, and would scarcely give him time to speak, so impatient was he to begin the day.

"Oh, come along, Leggy," he broke in, "you'll see my mother at dinner. Don't waste time talking now. Come out with me to the barn."

"The barn?" said Leggett, squinting up his eyes to make out the subject of a print which hung on the wall.

"Yes; we're going to have a rat-hunt, you know. My dogs, Wasp and Fury, are great on rats, and I've set Jack, our farm-boy, to poke out the holes, and it'll be prime fun. Come along."

Leggett hesitated, and Mrs. Swift detected a look which was not at all of pleasure.

"Perhaps Master Beekman would rather do something else—" she began, but Rufus pulled at his guest's arm, and cried:

"Mother, what rubbish—" and Leggett, too polite to resist, followed to the barn.

Jack was in waiting with the terriers. The doors were closed, the dogs sniffed and whined, Jack poked and pried in the holes. Presently a rat sprang out, then another, and confusion dire set in. Squeaking wildly, the terrified rats ran to and fro, the dogs in full chase, Jack hallooing them on and "jabbing" with a stick, Rufus, wild with excitement, clattering after. Dust rose from the floor in clouds, the lofts above echoed the din, and so entirely was Rufus absorbed by the sport that it was not until half an hour had passed, and three

rats lay dead upon the ground, that he remembered the existence of his visitor, and only then because he happened to stumble over his legs. Leggett was sitting in the corner on an inverted corn-measure, looking rather pale.

"Hallo, Beekman, are you there? Why don't you pitch in?" remarked Rufus. "It's famous fun, is n't it? You don't mean to say you don't like it?"

"Not much," said Leggett. "I don't like to see things killed."

"Ho! That's a good one. Jack, hear this. Here's a boy who don't like to see things killed."

"As I don't," went on Leggett, "perhaps you'll excuse me if I leave you to finish the rats alone. I'll sit with your mother, or wait under the trees till you get through."

Leggett's manner was so polite that it reminded Rufus to be polite also.

"No, hang it," he said. "If you don't care for it, we'll put off the hunt till another day. What a queer chap you are!" he continued, as they went along; "you're not a bit like the rest of the fellows. Why don't you like to see rats killed?"

"I don't know. They are nuisances, of course, but it strikes me as a low sort of fun to enjoy seeing their fright and hearing them squeak."

"My eye! How mighty and genteel we are! What *does* your worship like, may I ask, if rats are too 'low' to suit?"

"It was rude of me to use the word," said Leggett, apologetically. "Excuse me, Rufus. What shall we do next?"

"Oh, we'll take a sail," said Rufus, whose programme had been exactly laid out beforehand. "There's the boat, under the trees. I'll take you up to the head of the lake."

"Sailing?" said Leggett. "I'm sorry, Rufus, but I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, you see, I'm under a promise not to go on the water."

"A promise! Stuff! What sort of a promise?" cried Rufus, who could not bear to be put out.

Leggett blushed painfully.

"The promise is to my mother," he said, speaking with an effort. "My father was drowned, you see, and she has a great fear of the water for me. I gave her my word that I would n't get into a sail-boat, and I must keep it."

"Oh, if that's all," said Rufus, "come along. My mother fidgets just so—all women do; but it's nonsense. There's old Tom hoisting the sail. You'll be as safe as if on dry land. And your mother'll never know—come on."

"I thought you heard me say that I had given my word," said Leggett, seating himself deliberately under a tree.

"Confound your promises!" exclaimed Rufus, angrily; "I'm not going to lose *my* sail, any way. I don't get leave often, and Tom is n't to be had every day, so if you want go I shall just go without you."

"Pray do," said Leggett. "I will sit here and watch you off."

Rufus was too hot and vexed to realize what an uncivil thing he was doing. Without another word

"Splendid," said Rufus. Leggett said nothing. "And a nice sail?" she continued, amiably desirous to be civil to Rufus's friend.

"First-rate," answered Rufus, and again Leggett was silent.

"And now you're to see the jugglers," went on the old lady. "Rufy, you'll find the tickets on the chimney-piece, back of your pa's daguerreotype."

"All right, Mother," said Rufus, and Leggett looked pleased, for, as it happened, he had never seen a juggler.

But, alas! Jack wanted to speak to Rufus after dinner, and Rufus went off with him to the barn for half an hour, so, though the friends walked fast to the town, they reached the show so late that they had to take back seats. This did not matter to Rufus, but it mattered very much indeed to Leggett, whose short sight prevented him from seeing anything clearly.

"What is it? What did he do? I could not make it out," he would ask, while Rufus, jumping up and down with delight, ejaculated: "Famous! Capital! I never saw anything so good."

"Do try to tell me. What was it he did?"

"Oh, such a queer game! He stuck a handkerchief inside a bottle,

you see,"—but just then the conjuror proceeding to pound a lady's watch in a mortar, Rufus forgot his unfinished sentence, and poor Leggett never learned what became of the pocket-handkerchief. This fate followed him through the entire performance, which left him with a headache, a pair of smarting eyes, and a mind full of puzzles.

Tea, muffins, cakes and country sweetmeats of all sorts were awaiting them at the Red Farm, and kind old Mrs. Swift hoping they had enjoyed themselves, Rufus energetically declared that he had. After tea, Leggett's pony was brought around, and he said good-bye, asking Rufus to come over the next week and spend a day with him.

"I can't offer you any sailing; you know why," he said, good-humoredly. "But I shall be glad to see you."



LEGGETT'S TURN. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

he bounded down the bank, sprang into the boat, and in five minutes her white sail was speeding up the lake. Leggett lay under the trees awhile, then walked to the house, and when, two hours later, Rufus sought for him, he was found bending his short-sighted eyes over a book, which he had taken from the shelf in the parlor.

"You've had a dull time, I'm afraid," said Rufus, feeling some belated pricks of conscience.

"Oh, no," replied Leggett; "I've done very well. This is a book I was wishing to see."

"I'll lend it you if you like," said Rufus, generous enough in things which cost him nothing. Leggett accepted the offer amicably, and matters went smoothly till dinner-time.

"Have you had a pleasant morning?" asked old Mrs. Swift, as she carved the roast goose.

"All right," said Rufus. "I'll be sure to come. Thursday, you said?"

"Yes; Thursday."

The boys parted, and Leggett trotted away.

Leggett's mother listened to his account of the visit with a smile which was shrewd and a little malicious. She was, like her boy, thin of figure, long of face, with the same keen nose and short-sighted eyes.

"Hum! Rat-hunting, sailing, a juggler!" she said. "Master Swift fancies these things himself, I imagine. The little fox! Well, what will you do to amuse him when he returns your visit?"

"I'm not sure. What would be best, Mamma?"

"Let me see," and Mrs. Beekman's eyes twinkled wickedly. "There are your microscopic objects,—you could show him those, and your medals and your cabinet of shells. And—yes, the very thing! Professor Peters gives his chemical lecture in the afternoon. That will be sure to be interesting; you remember how much you liked the others."

"So I did!" cried Leggett. "That will be first-rate, wont it? Only," his face falling, "perhaps Rufus might think it dull. He's such an active fellow."

"Oh, he may like it," said his mother. "He ought to. If he knows nothing about chemistry, it will all be new to him. And there is a good deal of popping and exploding in the course of the experiments; all boys enjoy that. We'll settle it so, Leggett,—all your curiosities for the morning, and the lecture in the afternoon."

"Very well," said Leggett, unsuspectingly; while his mother, who had much ado not to laugh, kept her face perfectly serious, lest he should guess her mischievous intention.

Rufus, for once in his life, felt awkward, as he walked into Mrs. Beekman's parlor. His own home was comfortable and handsome, but here were all sorts of things which he was not used to see,—pictures, busts, globes, cabinets of fossils and stones, stuffed birds, and instruments of which he did not know the name or use. Leggett's father had been a man of science; his wife shared his tastes, and had carefully trained her son's mind in the same direction. Rufus glanced at these strange objects out of the corners of his eyes, and felt oddly sheepish as Mrs. Beekman, tall and dignified, came forward to shake hands with him.

"Leggett will be here in a moment," she said; "he was busy in arranging a fly's wing on one of his microscope glasses. Ah, here he is."

As she spoke, Leggett hurried into the room.

The boys shook hands. There was a little talk; then Mrs. Beekman said, graciously:

"Perhaps your friend would like to see your

room, Leggett, and your collections. Take him upstairs; but don't get so absorbed as to forget that to-day we dine early, in order to leave time for the lecture."

Leggett's room was a pleasant little study, fitted up with presses and book-shelves. It had a large, delightful window looking out into the tree-tops. His bed-chamber opened from it, and both were cozy and convenient as heart of boy could wish. Leggett was fond of his rooms, and proud to exhibit them to one of his school-fellows.

"See," he said. "Here are my books, and my shells, and my coins, and here I keep my plaster medals. And this is my mineral cabinet. Would you like to look over the minerals?"

"No, thank you; I don't care much for stones," said Rufus.

"Well, here's my microscope," said Leggett, "and I've got some splendid slides! Take this chair, Rufus; it's just the right height for the glass."

Rufus rather unwillingly took the chair, and Leggett proceeded to exhibit and explain his beloved specimens, expatiating on chalk-shells, moth-wings and *infusoria*, till, suddenly, a great, noisy yawn on the part of Rufus made him desist with a jump.

"I'm afraid this is boring you," he said, in an embarrassed tone.

"Well, rather," confessed Rufus, with a dreadful frankness.

"Would you rather see my medals, then?" asked Leggett, pulling out a drawer. But Rufus could not be induced to show any interest in the medals beyond calling the Emperor Commodus "the old chap with a nose"; so Leggett, discomfited, shut the drawer again. Shells and coins were equally unsuccessful, and Leggett was at his wits' end to know what to do next, when the ringing of the dinner-bell relieved him of his perplexity.

Perhaps Mrs. Beekman had a guess as to how the morning had gone, Rufus came down-stairs looking so bored, and Leggett so tired and anxious; but she was very attentive and civil, gave large helps of everything, and as Rufus's appetite was not at all impaired by his sufferings, dinner passed off with great success, excepting in the case of a dainty little dish of frogs' legs, stewed delicately in a nice brown gravy. Leggett and his mother were foreign enough in their tastes to like this out-of-the-way dainty; but Rufus, who had never seen such before, was horrified.

"Frogs!" he cried. "I thought nobody but cranes, and birds like that, ate frogs. What would my mother say?"

"Cranes, and birds like that," show very good taste, then," remarked Mrs. Beekman, helping her-

self, composedly. But Rufus could not be persuaded to touch the frogs' legs.

The dessert was hurried a little, Mrs. Beekman remarking that they must make haste in order to miss none of the lecture, while Leggett eagerly explained what a delightful treat lay before them.

"Dr. Peters is a great gun, you know," he said. "Some of the experiments in the other lectures have been splendid. You 'd like to go, Rufus? There 's all sorts of fizzing and popping, and green-and-red flames, and interesting things."

"Ye—es," replied Rufus; but if ever a boy's face expressed dismay his did at that moment. The prospect of possible pops and fizzes alone enabled him to meet the proposal with common politeness.

Poor Rufus. It was indeed a black afternoon for him. As it turned out, none of the explosions which Leggett had described occurred in the experiments, and the lecture was full of technical terms and phrases which Leggett, having studied chemistry a good deal, understood, but which were unmeaning to Rufus, who found the whole thing inexpressibly dull. Disconsolate and de-

pressed, he sat swallowing his yawns, while Leggett, forgetting everything else, listened with bright-eyed interest, only turning now and then to his mother for a look of sympathy, quite unconscious of what his guest was enduring. Their seat was close to the lecturer, so that Leggett could see every step of the process, and his pleasure was thorough and complete.

"It has been interesting, has n't it?" said Mrs. Beekman, on the way home; "or was it a little over your head, Master Rufus? I feared it might be, as you did not hear the rest of the course."

Rufus muttered something indistinct, which nobody could hear, and walked on in sulky silence. In silence he ate his supper; then his horse was brought to the door, and he made ready to go.

"Good-bye," said his hostess; "I hope you 'll come again. Leggett was a little anxious as to how he should entertain you, but I told him he would better just *do as you did*, and let you share the things which he himself liked and enjoyed. A good way,—don't you think so? Good-bye."

And with these words Mamma Beekman dismissed Master Swift to his home.



A PLUMP little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he,
"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She has n't a single feather!"—
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.



THE "DARNING-NEEDLE."

By E. C. N.



As you see by the picture, it is not the one-eyed "stocking doctor" that we are about to introduce to you. No, indeed; our aristocratic little acquaintance would own no connection with that unpretending but very useful member of society. And yet we are suspicious that our little aristocrat of the most wonderful vision, unsurpassed nimbleness and world-wide acquaintance is, after all, a sort of namesake of the stiff needle, whose only eye is "put out," and whose whole knowledge of the world is confined to the narrow limits of the stocking-basket. But you must not whisper to the dragon-fly what I have told you.

My Darning-needle has the wise family name *Libellulidae*, the plain English of which is dragon-fly. It does n't object to either of these names, or even to the common name of darning-needle, if you only don't associate it with anything stiff or blind. It is really no clumsy affair. There is not a stiff joint in its body, and as for seeing things, why, bless your eyes! it is a perfect marvel. You never saw anything more wonderful. It would take your bright-eyed, smart little Johnny six hours—the longest, busiest hours he ever spent in his life

—just to count the eyes of the dragon-fly. Twenty-four thousand eyes! Just think of a little chap with twelve thousand eyes to your one. He can look to the right and to the left, down and up, backward and forward, toward all points of the compass at the same instant of time. Who can tell all that he sees? Would n't you like to borrow his eyes for about ten minutes?

The dragon-fly is not only marvelous on account of its vast number of eyes, but it is curious in many ways. There are about two hundred known species, some of which are very beautiful. The largest and most brilliant kinds are found on the Amazon River. "Some of them," says a traveler, "with green or crimson bodies seven inches long, and their elegant, lace-like wings tipped with white or yellow."

The dragon-fly is the most ferocious of all insects, and he has for this reason been called the "devil's darning-needle," but it is better to drop the big adjective and not call hard names. Yet he is truly the greatest cannibal of the insect world. He dines with keenest relish upon his many cousins, has a special appetite for tender young mosquitoes, and does not hesitate to devour the prettiest, loveliest butterflies or any of the family relatives that he is able to catch.

All the little fellows are afraid of him, but it is useless to try to escape him. Even the swift mosquito, with its three thousand vibrations of the wing a minute, cannot outfly this terrible, swift dragon.

He takes his meals while on the wing,—a whole insect at one swallow,—and you can hardly guess

how many victims are served up for a good "square meal." Quite a little swarm is needed for his dinner, and he is always ready to make way with all the scattering ones that he finds for lunch between meals.

The dragon-fly knows all the ways of the world. He can dart backward just as well as forward, and fly sideways just as well as any other way, and so there is no chance to get out of his way. When he once goes for his victim, it is all over with it.

Naturalists have been greatly interested in this insect, and have studied its habits closely from its babyhood up.

Mrs. Dragon is a firm believer in the use of plenty of water in bringing up her babies, so all her little ones begin life in an aquatic nursery. From the leaf of a water-plant, in which they are at first cuddled up, they come out with rough-looking, grub-like bodies, having six sprawling legs. They find themselves all alone in the world. Their mother has gone and left them, and they have no one to provide them with their "bread and dinner." They must stir themselves and "grub it for a living." But they have such a stupid, lubber-heel look, that no one would think they knew enough to take care of themselves. On their head is something that looks like a hood, and this is drawn over their faces as though they were ashamed.

But this hood is only their natural head-dress. These little water-nymphs don't really wear their hoods for bonnets to keep them from taking cold, but they are really masks, and very curious ones, too. This mask is made of hinges, slides and hooks,

and it is their trap to get a living. When they see something which they would relish for dinner, the hinges spring open, the slides shove out, and the hooks cling in, and in one instant of time their prey is secured. And that is the way these dumpish-looking little chaps "go a-fishing."

You surely would never call them dull fellows if you



THE HOME OF THE DARNING-NEEDLE.

should once see the lively way they serve up refreshments. Quicker than we can tell it, they pack their lunch-baskets from capsized gnat and mosquito-boats, and they overtake the swift little tadpoles

and serve them up in "smacking good" meat-pies.

Perhaps you would like to know how these little fellows get about so fast. Neither fins nor paddles of any kind are used in chasing their prey, nor to help them handle it when caught. But to get about they have a way of their own, and, a few years ago, a British war-vessel was built to go by a method like theirs.

You may have read that Benjamin Franklin once had an idea that a boat could be made with a pump in the stern, by which water could be drawn in and pumped out with such force as to propel the boat along. But the ingenious Franklin, although he could coax lightning from the clouds and make it obey him, had to give up the idea of pumping boats about. And here is just where this little grub beats the great philosopher. In the stern of his little worm-skin boat, he has a pump that works like a charm. When the little nymph wants to go on an exploring voyage, his clever little muscles instantly set the pump at work, and away shoots the boat like a rocket, while at the prow of the boat is the masked pirate, always ready for his booty. He is very voracious, and banquets on multitudes of little creatures during the one year of his grub life.

At the end of the year, the little pump-boat that has served him so well is anchored to a water-plant, and in two hours Jack, the sailor-grub, starts out on another voyage.

But this is an aerial trip. He hoists sail, unfolding four lovely wings of gauze, and speeds away into the air, the rich-robed monarch of the insect world.

To every enemy of insects the dragon-fly is a friend, for what uncounted hosts of water-insects does the swift boat of this pirate overtake before it comes to shore, and what swarms and swarms of little animal life have been



buried in that one grave,—the voracious, never-satisfied, long stomach of the great insect dragon!

But only insects have reason to fear him; and he generally proves quite sociable with the boys and girls who cross his path, knowing himself well insured against capture by his swift-darting wings and myriad eyes. You will find him much more difficult to catch than his Cousin Butterfly, but when you go fishing he will flit along the bank in front of you as you wade through marshy places, or hover above the tangle of drift-wood near which you have dropped your line, as if he enjoyed your company. Now and then, perhaps, he will even poise gracefully for a

moment above your outstretched rod, or silently settle on the very same log on which you are seated, and almost within reach of your hand. Make the slightest motion to entrap him, and see how quickly he is gone! Yet he does not go far, returning sometimes to the very spot from which you drove him away. Be sure, then, that at least some hundreds of his thousand eyes are on you; but, though he is such a terror to his own tribe and kindred, he is at peace with all mankind, and you may become acquainted with this beautiful but fierce darning-needle with as much safety as with the homely, stupid one in grandmother's stocking-basket.

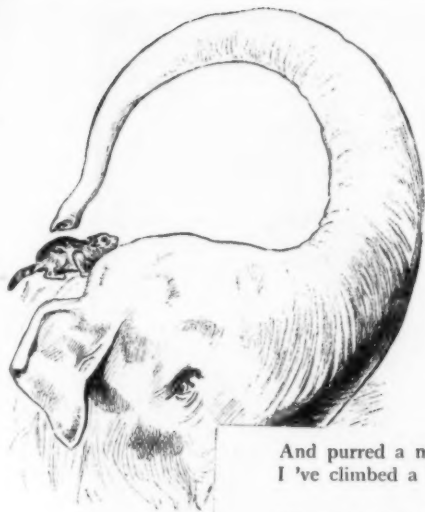
PUSSY AND HER ELEPHANT.

BY HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.



HAVE you heard of little Pussy, in that country o'er the sea,
How the dogs came out to chase her and she had to climb a tree?
You have n't? Then I'll tell you how gentle Pussy Gray
Went climbing up, hand over hand, and safely got away.

But then 'the strangest trouble came! The tree began to shake!
A tremendous giant something took Pussy by the neck



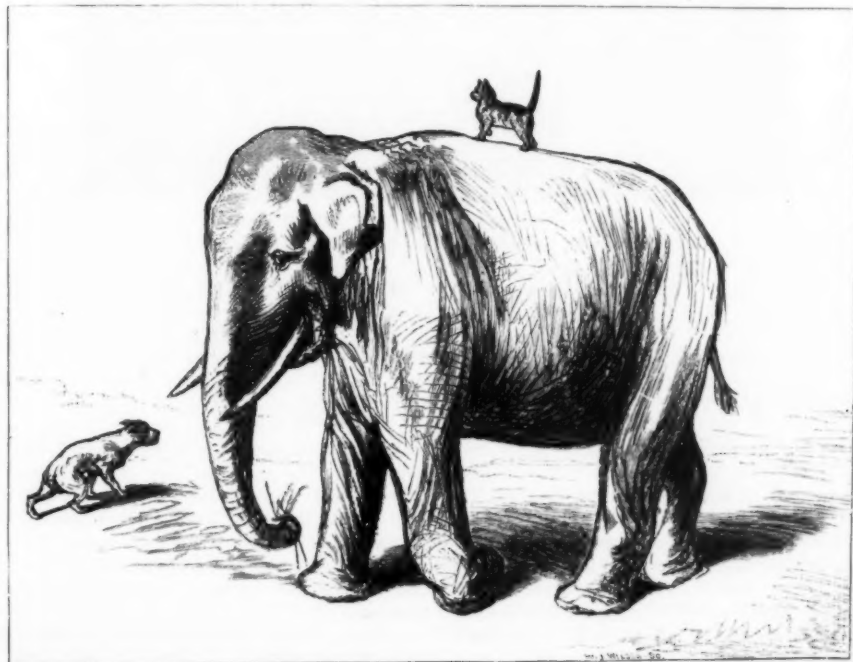
And tossed her off! And there again among
the dogs was she,
And what could frightened Pussy do, but climb
the same old tree?

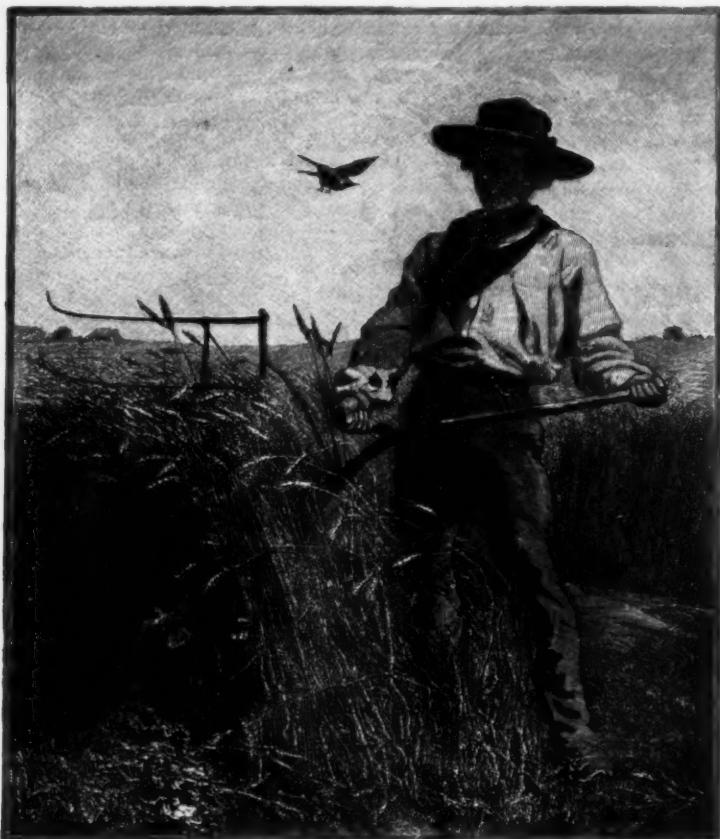
But then the strange thing came again, and,
swinging high in air,
Pounced right on little Pussy, as she sat
trembling there;
But when it touched her fur it stopped; as
though its owner thought:
"It's nothing but a pussy-cat that trouble here
has brought.

"I'll let her make herself at home."—And
Pussy, safe once more,
Folded her paws contentedly and viewed the
country o'er,

And purred a meek apology: "Excuse me, friend, I see
I've climbed a broad-backed elephant; I meant to climb a tree!"

Whatever else she said or sung that you would like to hear
She must have whispered coaxingly into the giant ear;
For often afterward, 't is said, Miss Pussy Gray was seen
To ride the broad-backed elephant as proud as any queen!





THE INVASION. (FROM A PAINTING BY F. E. MAVER.)

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOWN AT MOLLY'S.

"Now, my dears, I've something very curious to tell you, so listen quietly and then I'll give you your dinners," said Molly, addressing the nine cats who came trooping after her as she went into the shed chamber, with a bowl of milk and a plate of scraps in her hands. She had taught them to

behave well at meals, so, though their eyes glared and their tails quivered with impatience, they obeyed; and when she put the food on a high shelf and retired to the big basket; the four old cats sat demurely down before her, while the five kits scrambled after her and tumbled into her lap, as if hoping to hasten the desired feast by their innocent gambols.

Granny, Tobias, Mortification and Molasses were the elders. Granny, a gray old puss, was the

* Copyright, 1879, by Louisa M. Alcott. All rights reserved.

mother and grandmother of all the rest. Tobias was her eldest son, and Mortification his brother, so named because he had lost his tail, which affliction depressed his spirits and cast a blight over his young life. Molasses was a yellow cat, the mamma of four of the kits, the fifth being Granny's latest darling. Toddlekins, the little aunt, was the image of her mother and very sedate, even at that early age; Miss Muffet, so called from her dread of spiders, was a timid black and white kit; Beauty, a pretty Maltese, with a serene little face and pink nose; Rag-bag, a funny thing, every color that a cat could be; and Scamp, who well deserved his name, for he was the plague of Miss Bat's life, and Molly's especial pet.

He was now perched on her shoulder, and, as she talked, kept peeping into her face or biting her ear in the most impertinent way, while the others sprawled in her lap or promenaded around the basket rim.

"My friends, something very remarkable has happened: Miss Bat is cleaning house!" and, having made this announcement, Molly leaned back to see how the cats received it, for she insisted that they understood all she said to them.

Tobias stared, Mortification lay down as if it was too much for him, Molasses beat her tail on the floor as if whipping a dusty carpet, and Granny began to purr approvingly. The giddy kits paid no attention, as they did not know what house-cleaning meant, happy little dears!

"I thought you'd like it, Granny, for you are a decent cat, and know what is proper," continued Molly, leaning down to stroke the old puss, who blinked affectionately at her. "I can't imagine what put it into Miss Bat's head. I never said a word, and gave up groaning over the clutter, as I could n't mend it. I just took care of Boo and myself, and left her to be as untidy as she pleased, and she is a regular old——"

Here Scamp put his paw on her lips, because he saw them moving, but it seemed as if it was to check the disrespectful word just coming out.

"Well, I won't call names; but what *shall* I do when I see everything in confusion, and she won't let me clear up?" asked Molly, looking around at Scamp, who promptly put the little paw on her eyelid, as if the roll of the blue ball underneath amused him.

"Shut my eyes to it, you mean? I do all I can, but it is hard, when I wish to be nice, and do try; don't I?" asked Molly. But Scamp was ready for her, and began to comb her hair with both paws as he stood on his hind legs to work so busily that Molly laughed and pulled him down, saying, as she cuddled the sly kit:

"You sharp little thing! I know my hair is not

neat now, for I've been chasing Boo round the garden to wash him for school. Then Miss Bat threw the parlor carpet out of the window, and I was so surprised I had to run and tell you. Now, what had we better do about it?"

The cats all winked at her, but no one had any advice to offer, except Tobias, who walked to the shelf, and, looking up, uttered a deep, suggestive yowl, which said, as plainly as words, "Dinner first and discussion afterward."

"Very well, don't scramble," said Molly, getting up to feed her pets. First the kits, who rushed at the bowl and thrust their heads in, lapping as if for a wager; then the cats, who each went to one of the four piles of scraps laid round at intervals and placidly ate their meat; while Molly retired to the basket, to ponder over the phenomena taking place in the house.

She could not imagine what had started the old lady. It was not the example of her neighbors, who had beaten carpets and scrubbed paint every spring for years without exciting her to any greater exertion than cleaning a few windows and having a man to clear away the rubbish displayed when the snow melted. Molly never guessed that her own efforts were at the bottom of the change, nor knew that a few words not meant for her ear had shamed Miss Bat into action. Coming home from prayer-meeting one dark night, she trotted along behind two old ladies who were gossiping in loud voices, as one was rather deaf, and Miss Bat was both pleased and troubled to hear herself unduly praised.

"I always said as Sister Dawes meant well; but she's getting into years, and the care of two children is a good deal for her, with her cooking and her rheumatiz. I don't deny she did neglect 'em for a spell, but she does well by 'em now, and I would n't wish to see better-appearing children."

"You've no idee how improved Molly is. She came in to see my girls, and brought her sewing-work, shirts for the boy, and done it as neat and capable as you'd wish to see. She always was a smart child, but dreadful careless," said the other old lady, evidently much impressed by the change in harum-scarum Molly Loo.

"Being over to Mis' Minot's so much has been good for her, and up to Mis' Grant's. Girls catch neat ways as quick as they do untidy ones, and them wild little tykes often turn out smart women."

"Sister Dawes *has* done well by them children, and I hope Mr. Bemis sees it. He ought to give her something comfortable to live on when she can't do for him any longer. He can well afford it."

"I have n't a doubt he will. He's a lavish man when he starts to do a thing, but dreadful unob-serving, else he'd have seen to matters long ago.

Them children was town-talk last fall, and I used to feel as if it was my bounden duty to speak to Mis' Dawes. But I never did, fearing I might speak too plain, and hurt her feelings."

"You've spoken plain enough now, and I'm beholden to you, though you'll never know it," said Miss Bat to herself, as she slipped into her own gate, while the gossips trudged on, quite unconscious of the listener behind them.

Miss Bat was a worthy old soul in the main, only, like so many of us, she needed rousing up to her duty. She had got the rousing now, and it did her good, for she could not bear to be praised when she had not deserved it. She had watched Molly's efforts with lazy interest, and when the girl gave up meddling with her affairs, as she called the housekeeping, Miss Bat ceased to oppose her, and let her scrub Boo, mend clothes, and brush her hair as much as she liked. So Molly had worked along without any help from her, running in to Mrs. Pecq for advice, to Merry for comfort, or to Mrs. Minot for the higher kind of help one often needs so much. Now Miss Bat found that she was getting the credit and the praise belonging to other people, and it stirred her up to try and deserve a part at least.

"Molly does n't want any help about her work or the boy: it's too late for that; but if this house does n't get a spring cleaning that will make it shine, my name aint Bathsheba Dawes," said the old lady, as she put away her bonnet that night, and laid energetic plans for a grand revolution, inspired thereto not only by shame, but by the hint that "Mr. Bemis was a lavish man," as no one knew better than she.

Molly's amazement next day at seeing carpets fly out of window, ancient cobwebs come down, and long-undisturbed closets routed out, to the great dismay of moths and mice, has been already confided to the cats, and as she sat there watching them lap and gnaw, she said to herself:

"I don't understand it, but as she never says much to me about my affairs, I wont take any notice till she gets through; then I'll admire everything all I can. It is so pleasant to be praised after you've been trying hard."

She might well say that, for she got very little herself, and her trials had been many, her efforts not always successful, and her reward seemed a long way off. Poor Boo could have sympathized with her, for he had suffered much persecution from his small school-mates, when he appeared with large gray patches on the little brown trousers, where he had worn them out coasting down those too fascinating steps. As he could not see the patches himself, he fancied them invisible, and came home much afflicted by the jeers of his friends. Then

Molly tried to make him new trousers from a sack of her own; but she cut both sides for the same leg, so one was wrong-side out. Fondly hoping no one would observe it, she sewed bright buttons wherever they could be put, and sent confiding Boo away in a pair of blue trousers which were absurdly hunchy behind and buttony before. He came home heart-broken and muddy, having been accidentally tipped into a mud-puddle by two bad boys, who felt that such tailoring was an insult to mankind. That roused Molly's spirit, and she



"THE NINE CATS CAME TROOPING AFTER HER."

begged her father to take the boy and have him properly fitted out, as he was old enough now to be well dressed, and she would n't have him tormented. His attention being called to the trousers, Mr. Bemis had a good laugh over them, and then got Boo a suit which caused him to be the admired of all observers, and to feel as proud as a little peacock.

Cheered by this success, Molly undertook a set of small shirts, and stitched away bravely, though her own summer clothes were in a sad state, and for the first time in her life she cared about what she should wear.

"I must ask Merry, and may be father will let

me go with her and her mother when they do their shopping, instead of leaving it to Miss Bat, who dresses me like an old woman. Merry knows what is pretty and becoming; I don't," thought Molly, meditating in the bushel basket, with her eyes on her snuff-colored gown and the dark purple bow at the end of the long braid Muffet had been playing with.

Molly was beginning to see that even so small a matter as the choice of colors made a difference in one's appearance, and to wonder why Merry always took such pains to have a blue tie for the gray dress, a rosy one for the brown, and gloves that matched her bonnet ribbons. Merry never wore a locket outside her sack, a gay bow in her hair and soiled cuffs, a smart hat and the braid worn off her skirts. She was exquisitely neat and simple, yet always looked well-dressed and pretty; for her love of beauty taught her what all girls should learn as soon as they begin to care for appearances, —that neatness and simplicity are their best ornaments, that good habits are better than fine clothes, and the most elegant manners are the kindest.

All these thoughts were dancing through Molly's head, and when she left her cats, after a general romp in which even decorous Granny allowed her family to play leap-frog over her respectable back, she had made up her mind not to have yellow ribbons on her summer hat if she got a pink muslin, as she had planned, but to finish off Boo's last shirt before she went shopping with Merry.

It rained that evening, and Mr. Bemis had a headache, so he threw himself down upon the lounge after tea, for a nap, with his silk handkerchief spread over his face. He did get a nap, and when he waked he lay for a time drowsily listening to the patter of the rain, and another sound which was even more soothing. Putting back a corner of the handkerchief to learn what it was, he saw Molly sitting by the fire with Boo in her lap, rocking and humming as she warmed his little bare feet, having learned to guard against croup by attending to the damp shoes and socks before going to bed. Boo lay with his round face turned up to hers, stroking her cheek, while the sleepy blue eyes blinked lovingly at her as she sang her lullaby with a motherly patience sweet to see. They made a pretty little picture, and Mr. Bemis looked at it with pleasure, having a leisure moment in which to discover, as all parents do, sooner or later, that his children were growing up.

"Molly is getting to be quite a woman, and very like her mother," thought papa, wiping the eye that peeped, for he had been fond of the pretty wife who died when Boo was born. "Sad loss to them, poor things! But Miss Bat seems to have

done well by them. Molly is much improved, and the boy looks finely. She's a good soul after all;" and Mr. Bemis began to think he had been hasty when he half made up his mind to get a new housekeeper, feeling that burnt steak, weak coffee and ragged wristbands were sure signs that Miss Bat's days of usefulness were over.

Molly was singing the lullaby her mother used to sing to her, and her father listened to it silently, till Boo was carried away too sleepy for anything but bed. When she came back she sat down to her work, fancying her father still asleep. She had a crimson bow at her throat and one on the newly braided hair, her cuffs were clean, and a white apron hid the shabbiness of the old dress. She looked like a thrifty little housewife as she sat with her basket beside her, full of neat white rolls, her spools set forth, and a new pair of scissors shining on the table. There was a sort of charm in watching the busy needle flash to and fro, the anxious pucker of the forehead as she looked to see if the stitches were even, and the expression of intense relief upon her face as she surveyed the finished button-hole with girlish satisfaction. Her father was wide awake and looking at her, thinking, as he did so:

"Really the old lady has worked well to change my tomboy into that nice little girl: I wonder how she did it." Then he gave a yawn, pulled off the handkerchief, and said, aloud, "What are you making, Molly?" for it struck him that sewing was a new amusement.

"Shirts for Boo, sir. Four, and this is the last," she answered, with pardonable pride, as she held it up and nodded toward the pile in her basket.

"Is n't that a new notion? I thought Miss Bat did the sewing," said Mr. Bemis, as he smiled at the funny little garment, it looked so like Boo himself.

"No, sir; only yours. I do mine and Boo's. At least, I'm learning how, and Mrs. Pecq says I get on nicely," answered Molly, threading her needle and making a knot in her most capable way.

"I suppose it is time you did learn, for you are getting to be a great girl, and all women should know how to make and mend. You must take a stitch for me now and then: Miss Bat's eyes are not what they were, I find;" and Mr. Bemis looked at his frayed wristband, as if he particularly felt the need of a stitch just then.

"I'd love to, and I guess I could. I can mend gloves; Merry taught me, so I'd better begin on them, if you have any," said Molly, much pleased at being able to do anything for her father, and still more so at being asked.

"There's something to start with:" and he

threw her a pair, with nearly every one of the fingers ripped.

Molly shook her head over them, but got out her gray silk and fell to work, glad to show how well she could sew.

"What are you smiling about?" asked her father, after a little pause, for his head felt better, and it amused him to question Molly.

"I was thinking about my summer clothes. I must get them before long, and I'd like to go with Mrs. Grant and learn how to shop, if you are willing."

"I thought Miss Bat did that for you."

"She always has, but she buys ugly, cheap things that I don't like. I think I am old enough to choose for myself, if there is some one to tell me about prices and the goodness of the stuff. Merry does; and she is only a few months older than I am."

"How old are you, child?" asked her father, feeling as if he had lost his reckoning.

"Fifteen in August;" and Molly looked very proud of the fact.

"So you are! Bless my heart, how the time goes! Well, get what you please; if I'm to have a young lady here, I'd like to have her prettily dressed. It won't offend Miss Bat, will it?"

Molly's eyes sparkled, but she gave a little shrug as she answered, "She won't care. She never troubles herself about me if I let her alone."

"Hey? What? Not trouble herself? If *she* does n't, who does?" and Mr. Bemis sat up as if this discovery was more surprising than the other.

"I take care of myself and Boo, and she looks after you. The house goes any way."

"I should think so! I nearly broke my neck over the parlor sofa in the hall to-night. What is it there for?"

Molly laughed. "That's the joke, sir; Miss Bat is cleaning house, and I'm sure it needs cleaning, for it is years since it was properly done. I thought you might have told her to."

"I've said nothing. Don't like house-cleaning well enough to suggest it. I did think the hall was rather dirty when I dropped my coat, and took it up covered with lint. Is she going to upset the whole place?" asked Mr. Bemis, looking alarmed at the prospect.

"I hope so, for I really am ashamed, when people come, to have them see the dust and cobwebs, and old carpets and dirty windows," said Molly, with a sigh, though she never had cared a bit till lately.

"Why don't you dust around a little, then? No time to spare from the books and play?"

"I tried, father, but Miss Bat did n't like it, and it was too hard for me alone. If things were once

in nice order, I think I could keep them so; for I do want to be neat, and I'm learning as fast as I can."

"It is high time some one took hold, if matters are left as you say. I've just been thinking what a clever woman Miss Bat was, to make such a tidy little girl out of what I used to hear called the greatest tomboy in town, and wondering what I could give the old lady. Now I find *you* are the one to be thanked, and it is a very pleasant surprise to me."

"Give her the present, please; I'm satisfied, if you like what I've done. It is n't much, and I did n't know as you would ever observe any difference. But I did try, and now I guess I'm really getting on," said Molly, sewing away with a bright color in her cheeks, for she, too, found it a pleasant surprise to be praised, after many failures and few successes.

"You certainly are, my dear. I'll wait till the house-cleaning is over, and then, if we are all alive, I'll see about Miss Bat's reward. Meantime, you go with Mrs. Grant and get whatever you and the boy need, and send the bills to me;" and Mr. Bemis lighted a cigar, as if that matter was settled.

"Oh, thank you, sir! That will be splendid. Merry always has pretty things, and I know you will like me when I get fixed," said Molly, smoothing down her apron, with a little air.

"Seems to me you look very well as you are. Is n't that a pretty enough frock?" asked Mr. Bemis, quite unconscious that his own unusual interest in his daughter's affairs made her look so bright and winsome.

"This? Why, father, I've worn it all winter, and it's *frightfully* ugly, and almost in rags. I asked you for a new one a month ago, and you said you'd 'see about it'; but you did n't, so I patched this up as well as I could;" and Molly showed her elbows, feeling that such masculine blindness as this deserved a mild reproof.

"Too bad! Well, go and get half a dozen pretty muslin and gingham things, and be as gay as a butterfly, to make up for it," laughed her father, really touched by the patches and Molly's resignation to the uncertain "I'll see about it," which he recognized as a household word.

Molly clapped her hands, old gloves and all, exclaiming, with girlish delight, "How nice it will seem to have a plenty of new, neat dresses all at once, and be like other girls! Miss Bat always talks about economy, and has no more taste than a—caterpillar." Molly meant to say "cat," but, remembering her pets, spared them the insult.

"I think I can afford to dress my girl as well as Grant does his. Get a new hat and coat, child, and any little notions you fancy. Miss Bat's economy

isn't the sort I like;" and Mr. Bemis looked at his wristbands again, as if he could sympathize with Molly's elbows.

"At this rate, I shall have more clothes than I know what to do with, after being a rag-bag," thought the girl, in great glee, as she bravely stitched away at the worst glove, while her father smoked silently for a while, feeling that several little matters had escaped his eye which he really ought to "see about."

Presently he went to his desk, but not to bury himself in business papers, as usual, for, after rummaging in several drawers, he took out a small bunch of keys, and sat looking at them with an expression only seen on his face when he looked up at the portrait of a dark-eyed woman hanging in his room. He was a very busy man, but he had a tender place in his heart for his children; and when a look, a few words, a moment's reflection called his attention to the fact that his little girl was growing up, he found both pride and pleasure in the thought that this young daughter was trying to fill her mother's place, and be a comfort to him, if he would let her.

"Molly, my dear, here is something for you," he said; and, when she stood beside him, added, as he put the keys into her hand, keeping both in his own for a minute:

"Those are the keys to your mother's things. I always meant you to have them, when you were old enough to use or care for them. I think you'll fancy this better than any other present, for you are a good child, and very like her."

Something seemed to get into his throat there, and Molly put her arm around his neck, saying, with a little choke in her own voice, "Thank you, father; I'd rather have this than anything else in the world, and I'll try to be more like her every day, for your sake."

He kissed her, then said, as he began to stir his papers about, "I must write some letters. Run off to bed, child. Good-night, my dear,—good-night."

Seeing that he wanted to be alone, Molly slipped away, feeling that she had received a very precious gift; for she remembered the dear, dead mother, and had often longed to possess the relics laid away in the one room where order reigned and Miss Bat had no power to meddle. As she slowly undressed, she was not thinking of the pretty new gowns in which she was to be "as gay as a butterfly," but of the half-worn garments waiting for her hands to unfold with a tender touch; and when she fell asleep, with the keys under her pillow and her arms around Boo, a few happy tears on her cheeks seemed to show that, in trying to do the duty which lay nearest her, she had earned a very sweet reward.

So the little missionaries succeeded better in their second attempt than in their first; for, though still very far from being perfect girls, each was slowly learning, in her own way, one of the three lessons all are the better for knowing,—that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAY BASKETS.

SPRING was late that year, but to Jill it seemed the loveliest she had ever known, for hope was growing green and strong in her own little heart, and all the world looked beautiful. With the help of the brace she could sit up for a short time every day, and when the air was mild enough she was warmly wrapped and allowed to look out at the open window into the garden, where the gold and purple crocuses were coming bravely up, and the snowdrops nodded their delicate heads, as if calling to her:

"Good day, little sister; come out and play with us, for winter is over and spring is here."

"I wish I could!" thought Jill, as the soft wind kissed a tinge of color into her pale cheeks. "Never mind,—they have been shut up in a darker place than I for months, and had no fun at all; I won't fret, but think about July and the sea-shore while I work."

The job now in hand was May baskets, for it was the custom of the children to hang them on the doors of their friends the night before May-day; and the girls had agreed to supply baskets if the boys would hunt for flowers, much the harder task of the two. Jill had more leisure as well as taste and skill than the other girls, so she amused herself with making a goodly store of pretty baskets of all shapes, sizes and colors, quite confident that they would be filled, though not a flower had shown its head except a few hardy dandelions, and here and there a few small clusters of saxifrage.

The violets would not open their blue eyes till the sunshine was warmer, the columbines refused to dance with the boisterous east wind, the ferns kept themselves rolled up in their brown flannel jackets, and little Hepatica, with many another spring beauty, hid away in the woods, afraid to venture out, in spite of the eager welcome awaiting them. But the birds had come, punctual as ever, and the blue jays were screaming in the orchard, robins were perking up their heads and tails as they went house-hunting, purple thrushes in their little red hoods were feasting on the spruce-

buds, and the faithful "chip birds" chirped gayly on the grape-vine trellis where they had lived all winter, warming their little gray breasts against the southern side of the house when the sun shone, and hiding under the evergreen boughs when the snow fell.

"That tree is a sort of bird's hotel," said Jill, looking out at the tall spruce before her window, every spray now tipped with a soft green. "They all go there to sleep and eat, and it has room for every one. It is green when other trees die, the wind can't break it, and the snow only makes it look prettier. It sings to me, and nods as if it knew I loved it."

"We might call it 'The Holly-tree Inn,' as some of the cheap eating-houses for poor people are called in the city, as my holly-bush grows at its foot for a sign. You can be the landlady, and feed your feathery customers every day, till the hard times are over," said Mrs. Minot, glad to see the child's enjoyment of the outer world from which she had been shut so long.

Jill liked the fancy, and gladly strewed crumbs on the window-ledge for the chippies, who came confidently to eat almost from her hand. She threw out grain for the handsome jays, the jaunty robins, and the neighbors' doves, who came with soft flight to trip about on their pink feet, arching their shining necks as they cooed and pecked. Carrots and cabbage-leaves also flew out of the window for the marauding gray rabbit, last of all Jack's half-dozen, who led him a weary life of it because they would *not* stay in the Bunny-house, but undermined the garden with their burrows, ate the neighbors' plants, and refused to be caught, till all but one ran away, to Jack's great relief. This old fellow camped out for the winter, and seemed to get on very well among the cats and the hens, who shared their stores with him, and he might be seen at all hours of the day and night scampering about the place, or kicking up his heels by moonlight, for he was a desperate poacher.

Jill took great delight in her pretty pensioners, who soon learned to love "The Holly-tree Inn," and to feel that the Bird-Room held a caged comrade; for, when it was too cold or wet to open the windows, the doves came and tapped at the pane, the chippies sat on the ledge in plump little bunches as if she were their sunshine, the jays called her in their shrill voices to ring the dinner-bell, and the robins tilted on the spruce-boughs, where lunch was always to be had.

The first of May came on Sunday, so all the celebrating must be done on Saturday, which happily proved fair, though too chilly for muslin gowns, paper garlands, and picnics on damp grass. It being a holiday, the boys decided to devote the morning

to ball and the afternoon to the flower hunt, while the girls finished the baskets; and in the evening our particular seven were to meet at the Minots to fill them, ready for the closing frolic of hanging on door-handles, ringing bells, and running away.

"Now, I must do my Maying, for there will be no more sunshine, and I want to pick my flowers before it is dark. Come, mammy, you go too," said Jill, as the last sunbeams shone in at the western window, where her hyacinths stood that no fostering ray might be lost.

It was rather pathetic to see the once merry girl, who used to be the life of the wood-parties, now carefully lifting herself from the couch, and, leaning on her mother's strong arm, slowly take the half-dozen steps that made up her little expedition. But she was happy, and stood smiling out at old Bun skipping down the walk, the gold-edged clouds that drew apart so that a sunbeam might give her a good-night kiss as she gathered her long-cherished daisies, primroses and hyacinths to fill the pretty basket in her hand.

"Whom is it for, my dearie?" asked her mother, standing behind her as a prop, while the thin fingers did their work so willingly that not a flower was left.

"For My Lady, of course. Whom else would I give my posies to, when I love them so well?" answered Jill, who thought no name too fine for their best friend.

"I fancied it would be for Master Jack," said her mother, wishing the excursion to be a cheerful one.

"I've another for him, but *she* must have the prettiest. He is going to hang it for me, and ring and run away, and she won't know who it's from till she sees this. She will remember this, for I've been turning and tending it ever so long, to make it bloom to-day. Is n't it a beauty?" and Jill held up her finest hyacinth, which seemed to ring its pale pink bells as if glad to carry its sweet message from a grateful little heart.

"Indeed it is; and you are right to give your best to her. Come away, now—you must not stay any longer. Come and rest, while I fetch a dish to put the flowers in till you want them;" and Mrs. Pecq turned her round with her small Maying safely done.

"I did n't think I'd ever be able to do even so much, and here I am walking and sitting up, and going to drive some day. Is n't it nice that I'm not to be a poor Lucinda, after all?" and Jill drew a long sigh of relief that six months instead of twenty years would probably be the end of her captivity.

"Yes, thank Heaven! I don't think I *could* have borne that;" and the mother took Jill in her

arms as if she were a baby, holding her close for a minute, and laying her down with a tender kiss that made the arms cling about her neck as her little girl returned it heartily, for all sorts of new, sweet feelings seemed to be budding in both, born of great joy and thankfulness.

Then Mrs. Pecq hurried away to see about tea for the hungry boys, and Jill watched the pleasant



JILL'S MAYING.

twilight deepen as she lay singing to herself one of the songs her wise friend had taught her because it fitted her so well:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

"Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song:
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing."

"Now we are ready for you, so bring on your flowers," said Molly to the boys, as she and Merry added their store of baskets to the gay show Jill had set forth on the long table, ready for the evening's work.

"They would n't let me see one, but I guess they have had good luck, they look so jolly,"

VOL. VII.—51.

answered Jill, looking at Gus, Frank and Jack, who stood, laughing, each with a large basket in his hands.

"Fair to middling. Just look in and see;" with which cheerful remark Gus tipped up his basket and displayed a few bits of green at the bottom.

"I did better. Now, don't all scream at once over these beauties;" and Frank shook out some evergreen sprigs, half a dozen saxifrages, and two or three forlorn violets with hardly any stems.

"I don't brag, but here 's the best of all the three," chuckled Jack, producing a bunch of feathery carrot-tops, with a few half-shut dandelions trying to look brave and gay.

"Oh, boys! Is that all?"

"What *shall* we do?"

"We 've only a few house-flowers, and all those baskets to fill!" cried the girls, in despair; for Merry's contribution had been small, and Molly had only a handful of artificial flowers, "to fill up," she said.

"It is n't our fault: it is the late spring. We can't make flowers, can we?" asked Frank, in a tone of calm resignation.

"Could n't you buy some, then?" said Molly, smoothing her crumpled morning-glories, with a sigh.

"Who ever heard of a fellow having any money left the last day of the month?" demanded Gus, severely.

"Or girls, either. I spent all mine in ribbon and paper for my baskets, and now they are of no use. It's a shame!" lamented Jill, while Merry began to thin out her full baskets to fill the empty ones.

"Hold on!" cried Frank, relenting. "Now, Jack, make their minds easy before they begin to weep and wail."

"Left the box outside. You tell while I go for it;" and Jack bolted, as if afraid the young ladies might be too demonstrative when the tale was told.

"Tell away," said Frank, modestly passing the story along to Gus, who made short work of it.

"We rampaged all over the country, and got only that small mess of greens. Knew you'd be disgusted, and sat down to see what we could do. Then Jack piped up, and said he'd show us a place where we could get a plenty. 'Come on,' said we, and, after leading us a nice tramp, he brought us out at Morse's greenhouse. So we got a few on tick, as we had but four cents among us, and there you are. Pretty clever of the little chap, was n't it?"

A chorus of delight greeted Jack as he popped his head in, was promptly seized by his elders and

walked up to the table, where the box was opened, displaying gay posies enough to fill most of the baskets, if distributed with great economy and much green.

"You are the dearest boy that ever was!" began Jill, with her nose luxuriously buried in the box, though the flowers were more remarkable for color than perfume.

"No, I'm not; there's a much dearer one coming upstairs now, and he's got something that will make you howl for joy," said Jack, ignoring his own prowess as Ed came in with a bigger box, looking as if he had done nothing but go a-Maying all his days.

"Don't believe it!" cried Jill, hugging her own treasure jealously.

"It's only another joke. I won't look," said Molly, still struggling to make her cambric roses bloom again.

"I know what it is! Oh, how sweet!" added Merry, sniffing, as Ed set the box before her, saying, pleasantly:

"You shall see first, because you had faith."

Up went the cover, and a whiff of the freshest fragrance regaled the seven eager noses bent to inhale it, as a general murmur of pleasure greeted the nest of great rosy May-flowers that lay before them.

"The dear things, how lovely they are!" and Merry looked as if greeting her cousins, so blooming and sweet was her own face.

Molly pushed her dingy garlands away, ashamed of such poor attempts beside these perfect works of Nature, while Jill stretched out her hand involuntarily, and said, forgetting her exotics, "Give me just one to smell—it is so woodsy and delicious."

"Here you are—plenty for all. Real Pilgrim Fathers, right from Plymouth. One of our fellows lives there, and I told him to bring me a good lot; so he did, and you can do what you like with them," explained Ed, passing around bunches, and shaking the rest in a mossy pile upon the table.

"Ed always gets ahead of us in doing the right thing at the right time. Hope you've got some first-class baskets ready for him," said Gus, refreshing the Washingtonian nose with a pink blossom or two.

"Not much danger of *his* being forgotten," answered Molly; and every one laughed, for Ed was much beloved by all the girls, and his door-steps always bloomed like a flower-bed on May eve.

"Now we must fly around and fill up. Come, boys, sort out the green and hand us the flowers as we want them. Then we must direct them, and, by the time that is done, you can go and leave them," said Jill, setting all to work.

"Ed must choose his baskets first. These are ours; but any of those you can have;" and Molly pointed to a detachment of gay baskets, set aside from those already partly filled.

Ed chose a blue one, and Merry filled it with the rosiest May-flowers, knowing that it was to hang on Mabel's door-handle.

The others did the same, and the pretty work went on, with much fun, till all were filled, and ready for the names or notes.

"Let us have poetry, as we can't get wild flowers. That will be rather fine," proposed Jill, who liked jingles.

All had had some practice at the game parties, and pencils went briskly for a few minutes, while silence reigned, as the poets racked their brains for rhymes, and stared at the blooming array before them for inspiration.

"Oh, dear! I can't find a word to rhyme to 'geranium,'" sighed Molly, pulling her braid, as if to pump the well of her fancy dry.

"Cranium," said Frank, who was getting on bravely with "Annette" and "violet."

"That is elegant!" and Molly scribbled away in great glee, for her poems were always funny ones.

"How do you spell *anemoly*,—the wild flower, I mean?" asked Jill, who was trying to compose a very appropriate piece for her best basket, and found it easier to feel love and gratitude than to put them into verse.

"Anemone; do spell it properly, or you'll get laughed at," answered Gus, wildly struggling to make his lines express great ardor, without being "too spooney," as he expressed it.

"No, I should n't. This person never laughs at other persons' mistakes, as some persons do," replied Jill, with dignity.

Jack was desperately chewing his pencil, for he could not get on at all; but Ed had evidently prepared his poem, for his paper was half full already, and Merry was smiling as she wrote a friendly line or two for Ralph's basket, for she feared he would be forgotten, and knew he loved kindness even more than beauty.

"Now let's read them," proposed Molly, who loved to laugh, even at herself.

The boys politely declined, and scrambled their notes into the chosen baskets in great haste; but the girls were less bashful. Jill was invited to begin, and gave her little piece, with the pink hyacinth basket before her, to illustrate her poem.

"TO MY LADY.

"There are no flowers in the fields,
No green leaves on the tree,
No columbines, no violets,
No sweet anemone.
So I have gathered from my pots

All that I have, to fill
The basket that I hang to-night,
With heaps of love from Jill."

"That's perfectly sweet! Mine is n't; but I meant it to be funny," said Molly, as if there could be any doubt about the following ditty:

"Dear Grif,
Here is a whiff
Of beautiful spring flowers;
The big red rose
Is for your nose,
As toward the sky it towers.

"Oh, do not frown
Upon this crown
Of green pinks and blue geranium,
But think of me
When this you see,
And put it on your cranium."

"Oh, Molly, you'll never hear the last of that, if Grif gets it," said Jill, as the applause subsided, for the boys pronounced it "tip-top."

"Don't care—he gets the worst of it, any way, for there is a pin in that rose, and if he goes to smell the May-flowers underneath he will find a thorn to pay for the tack he put in my rubber-boot. I know he will play me some joke to-night, and I mean to be first if I can," answered Molly, settling the artificial wreath around the orange-colored canoe which held her effusion.

"Now, Merry, read yours: you always have sweet poems;" and Jill folded her hands to listen with pleasure to something sentimental.

"I can't read the poems in some of mine, because they are for you; but this little verse you can hear, if you like: I'm going to give that basket to Ralph. He said he should hang one for his grandmother, and I thought that was so nice of him, I'd love to surprise him with one all to himself. He's always so good to us;" and Merry looked so innocently earnest that no one smiled at her kind thought or the unconscious paraphrase she had made of a famous stanza in her own "little verse":

"To one who teaches me
The sweetness and the beauty
Of doing faithfully
And cheerfully my duty."

"He will like that, and know who sent it, for none of us has pretty pink paper but you, or writes such an elegant hand," said Molly, admiring the delicate white basket shaped like a lily, with the flowers inside and the note hidden among them, all daintily tied up with the palest blush-colored ribbon.

"Well, that's no harm. He likes pretty things as much as I do, and I made my basket like a flower because I gave him one of my callas, he admired the shape so much;" and Merry smiled

as she remembered how pleased Ralph looked when he went away carrying the lovely thing.

"I think it would be a good plan to hang some baskets on the doors of other people who don't expect or often have any. I'll do it if you can spare some of these—we have so many. Give me only one, and let the others go to old Mrs. Tucker, and the little Irish girl who has been sick so long, and lame Neddy, and Daddy Munson. It would please and surprise them so. Shall we?" asked Ed, in that persuasive voice of his.

All agreed at once, and several people were made very happy by a bit of spring left at their doors by the May elves who haunted the town that night, playing all sorts of pranks. Such a twanging of bells and rapping of knockers; such a scampering of feet in the dark; such droll collisions as boys came racing around corners, or girls flopped into one another's arms as they crept up and down steps on the sly; such laughing, whistling, flying about of flowers and friendly feeling,—it was almost a pity that May-day did not come oftener.

Molly got home late, and found that Grif had been before her, after all; for she stumbled over a market-basket at her door, and, on taking it in, found a mammoth nosegay of purple and white cabbages, her favorite vegetable. Even Miss Bat laughed at the funny sight, and Molly resolved to get Ralph to carve her a bouquet out of carrots, beets and turnips, for next time, as Grif would never think of that.

Merry ran up the garden-walk alone, for Frank left her at the gate, and she was fumbling for the latch when she felt something hanging there. Opening the door carefully, she found it gay with offerings from her mates; and among them was one long, quiver-shaped basket of birch-bark, with something heavy under the green leaves that lay at the top. Lifting these, a slender bass-relief of a calla in plaster appeared, with this couplet slipped into the blue cord by which it was to hang:

"That mercy you to others show
That Mercy Grant to me."

"How lovely! And this one will never fade, but always be a pleasure hanging there. Now, I really have something beautiful all my own," said Merry to herself as she ran up to hang the pretty thing on the dark wainscot of her room, where the graceful curve of its pointed leaves and the depth of its white cup would be a joy to her eyes as long as they lasted.

"I wonder what that means," and Merry read over the lines again, while a soft color came into her cheeks and a little smile of girlish pleasure began to dimple around her lips; for she was so romantic, this touch of sentiment showed her that

her friendship was more valued than she dreamed. But she only said: "How glad I am I remembered him, and how surprised he will be to see May-flowers in return for the calla."

He was, and he worked away more happily and bravely for the thought of the little friend whose eyes would daily fall on the white flower which always reminded him of her.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

"Hi, there! Bell's rung! Get up, lazy-bones!" called Frank from his room, as the clock struck six one bright morning, and a great creaking and stamping proclaimed that he was astir.

"All right, I'm coming," responded a drowsy voice, and Jack turned over as if to obey; but there the effort ended, and he was off again, for growing lads are hard to rouse, as many a mother knows to her sorrow.

Frank made a beginning on his own toilet, and then took a look at his brother, for the stillness was suspicious.

"I thought so! He told me to wake him, and I guess this will do it;" and, filling his great sponge with water, Frank stalked into the next room and stood over the unconscious victim like a stern executioner, glad to unite business with pleasure in this agreeable manner.

A woman would have relented and tried some milder means, for when his broad shoulders and stout limbs were hidden, Jack looked very young and innocent in his sleep. Even Frank paused a moment to look at the round, rosy face, the curly eyelashes, half-open mouth, and the peaceful expression of a dreaming baby. "I *must* do it, or he won't be ready for breakfast," said the Spartan brother, and down came the sponge, cold, wet and choky, as it was briskly rubbed to and fro, regardless of every obstacle.

"Come, I say! That's not fair! Leave me alone!" sputtered Jack, hitting out so vigorously that the sponge flew across the room, and Frank fell back to laugh at the indignant sufferer.

"I promised to wake you, and you believe in keeping promises, so I'm doing my best to get you up."

"Well, you need n't pour a quart of water down a fellow's neck, and rub his nose off, need you? I'm awake, so take your old sponge and go along," growled Jack, with one eye open and a mighty gape.

"See that you keep so, then, or I'll come and give you another sort of a rouser," said Frank, retiring, well pleased with his success.

"I shall have one good stretch, if I like. It is strengthening to the muscles, and I'm as stiff as a board with all that foot-ball yesterday," murmured Jack, lying down for one delicious moment. He shut the open eye to enjoy it thoroughly, and forgot the stretch altogether, for the bed was warm, the pillow soft, and a half-finished dream still hung about his drowsy brain. Who does not know the fatal charm of that stolen moment—for once yield to it, and one is lost!

Jack was miles away "in the twinkling of a bed-post," and the pleasing dream seemed about to return, when a ruthless hand tore off the clothes, swept him out of bed, and he really did awake to find himself standing in the middle of his bath-pan, with both windows open, and Frank about to pour a pail of water over him.

"Hold on! Yah, how cold the water is! Why, I thought I *was* up;" and, hopping out, Jack rubbed his eyes and looked about with such a genuine surprise that Frank put down the pail, feeling that the deluge would not be needed this time.

"You are, now, and I'll see that you keep so," he said, as he stripped the bed and carried off the pillows.

"I don't care. What a jolly day!" and Jack took a little promenade to finish the rousing process.

"You'd better hurry up, or you won't get your chores done before breakfast. No time for a 'go as you please' now," said Frank; and both boys laughed, for it was an old joke of theirs, and rather funny.

Going up to bed one night expecting to find Jack asleep, Frank discovered him tramping round and round the room airily attired in a towel, and so dizzy with his brisk revolutions that, as his brother looked, he tumbled over and lay panting like a fallen gladiator.

"What on earth are you about?"

"Playing Rowell. Walking for the belt, and I've got it, too," laughed Jack, pointing to an old gilt chandelier-chain hanging on the bed-post.

"You little noodle! You'd better revolve into bed before you lose your head entirely. I never saw such a fellow for taking himself off his legs."

"Well, if I did n't exercise, do you suppose I should be able to do that—or that?" cried Jack, turning a somersault and striking a fine attitude as he came up, flattering himself that he was the model of a youthful athlete.

"You look more like a clothes-pin than a Hercules," was the crushing reply of this unsympathetic brother, and Jack meekly retired with a bad headache.

"I don't do such silly things now; I'm as

broad across the shoulders as you are, and twice as strong on my pins, thanks to my gymnastics. Bet you a cent I'll be dressed first, though you have got the start," said Jack, knowing that Frank always had a protracted wrestle with his collar-buttons, which gave his adversary a great advantage over him.

"Done!" answered Frank, and at it they went. A wild scramble was heard in Jack's room, and a steady tramp in the other, as Frank worked away at the stiff collar and the unaccommodating button till every finger ached. A clashing of boots followed, while Jack whistled "Polly Hopkins," and Frank declaimed, in his deepest voice:

*"Arma virumque cano, Troje qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora."*

Hair-brushes came next, and here Frank got ahead, for Jack's thick crop would stand straight up on the crown, and only a good wetting and a steady brush would make it lie down.

"Play away, No. 2," called out Frank, as he put on his vest, while Jack was still at it with a pair of the stiffest brushes procurable for money.

"Hold hard, No. 11, and don't forget your teeth," answered Jack, who had cleaned his.

Frank took a hasty rub and whisked on his coat, while Jack was picking up the various treasures which had flown out of his pockets as he caught up his roundabout.

"Ready! I'll trouble you for a cent, sonny;" and Frank held out his hand as he appeared equipped for the day.

"You have n't hung up your night-gown, nor aired the bed, nor opened the windows. That's part of the dressing—Mother said so. I've got you there, for you did all that for me, except this," and Jack threw his gown over a chair with a triumphant flourish as Frank turned back to leave his room in the order which they had been taught was one of the signs of a good bringing-up in boys as well as girls.

"Ready! I'll trouble *you* for a cent, old man," and Jack held out his hand, with a chuckle.

He got the money and a good clap beside; then they retired to the shed to black their boots, after which Frank filled the wood-boxes and Jack split kindlings, till the daily allowance was ready. Both went at their lessons for half an hour, Jack scowling over his algebra in the sofa corner, while Frank, with his elbows on and his legs around the little stand which held his books, seemed to be having a wrestling-match with Herodotus.

When the bell rang, they were glad to drop the lessons and fall upon their breakfast with the appetite of wolves, especially Jack, who sequestered oatmeal and milk with such rapidity that one would

have thought he had a leathern bag hidden somewhere to slip it into, like his famous namesake when he breakfasted with the giant.

"I declare, I don't see what he does with it! He really ought not to 'gobble' so, Mother," said Frank, who was eating with great deliberation and propriety.

"Never you mind, old quiddle. I'm so hungry I could tuck away a bushel," answered Jack, emptying a glass of milk and holding out his plate for more mush, regardless of his white moustache.

"Temperance in all things is wise, in speech as well as eating and drinking,—remember that, boys," said Mamma, from behind the urn.

"That reminds me! We promised to do the *Observer* this week, and here it is Tuesday and I have n't done a thing: have you?" asked Frank.

"Never thought of it. We must look up some bits at noon instead of playing. Dare say Jill has got some: she always saves all she finds for me."

"I have one or two good items, and can do any copying there may be. But I think if you undertake the paper you should give some time and labor to make it good," said Mamma, who was used to this state of affairs, and often edited the little sheet read every week at the Lodge. The boys seldom missed going, but the busy lady was often unable to be there, so helped with the paper as her share of the labor.

"Yes, we ought, but somehow we don't seem to get up much steam about it lately. If more people belonged, and we could have a grand time now and then, it would be jolly;" and Jack sighed at the lack of interest felt by outsiders in the loyal little Lodge, which went on year after year, kept up by the faithful few.

"I remember when, in this very town, we used to have a 'cold-water army,' and in the summer turn out with processions, banners, and bands of music to march about, and end with a picnic, songs and speeches in some grove or hall. Nearly all the children belonged to it, and the parents, also, and we had fine times here, twenty-five or thirty years ago."

"It did n't do much good, seems to me, for people still drink, and we have n't a decent hotel in the place," said Frank, as his mother sat looking out of the window, as if she saw again the pleasant sight of old and young working together against the great enemy of home peace and safety.

"Oh, yes, it did, my dear; for to this day many of those children are true to their pledge. One little girl was, I am sure, and now has two big boys to fight for the reform she has upheld all her life. The town is better than it was in those days, and if we each do our part faithfully, it will improve yet more. Every boy and girl who joins

is one gained, perhaps, and your example is the best temperance lecture you can give. Hold fast, and don't mind if it is n't 'jolly': it is *right*, and that should be enough for us."

Mamma spoke warmly, for she heartily believed in young people's guarding against the dangerous vice before it became a temptation, and hoped her boys would never break the pledge they had taken; for, young as they were, they were old enough to see its worth, feel its wisdom, and pride themselves on the promise which was fast growing into a principle. Jack's face brightened as he listened, and Frank said, with the steady look which made his face manly:

"It shall be. Now I'll tell you what I was going to keep as a surprise till to-night, for I wanted to have my secret as well as other folks. Ed and I went up to see Bob, Sunday, and he said he'd join the Lodge, if they'd have him. I'm going to propose him to-night."

"Good! good!" cried Jack, joyfully, and Mrs. Minot clapped her hands, for every new member was rejoiced over by the good people, who were not discouraged by ridicule, indifference nor opposition.

"We've got him now, for no one will object, and it is just the thing for him. He wants to belong somewhere, he says, and he'll enjoy the fun, and the good things will help him, and we will look after him. The Captain was so pleased, and you ought to have seen Ed's face when Bob said, 'I'm ready, if you'll have me.'"

Frank's own face was beaming, and Jack forgot to "gobble," he was so interested in the new convert, while Mamma said, as she threw down her napkin and took up the newspaper:

"We must not forget our *Observer*, but have a good one to-night in honor of the occasion. There may be something here. Come home early at noon, and I'll help you get your paper ready."

"I'll be here, but if you want Frank, you'd better tell him not to dawdle over Annette's gate half an hour," began Jack, who could not resist teasing his dignified brother about one of the few foolish things he was fond of doing.

"Do you want your nose pulled?" demanded Frank, who never would stand joking on that tender point from his brother.

"No, I don't; and if I did, you could n't do it;" with which taunt he was off and Frank after him, having made a futile dive at the impertinent little nose which was turned up at him and his sweet-heart.

"Boys, boys! Not through the parlor!" implored Mamma, resigned to skirmishes, but trembling for her piano-legs as the four stout boots pranced about the table and then went thundering down the hall,

through the kitchen where the fat cook cheered them on, and Mary, the maid, tried to head off Frank, as Jack rushed out into the garden. But the pursuer ducked under her arm and gave chase with all speed. Then there was a glorious race all over the place; for both were good runners, and, being as full of spring vigor as frisky calves, they did astonishing things in the way of leaping fences, dodging around corners, and making good time down the wide walks.

But Jack's leg was not quite strong yet, and he felt that his round nose was in danger of a vengeful tweak, as his breath began to give out and Frank's long arms drew nearer and nearer to the threatened feature. Just when he was about to give up and meet his fate like a man, old Bunny, who had been much excited by the race, came scampering across the path, with such a droll skip into the air and shake of the hind legs that Frank had to dodge to avoid stepping on him, and to laugh in spite of himself. This momentary check gave Jack a chance to bolt up the back stairs and take refuge in the Bird-Room, from the window of which Jill had been watching the race with great interest.

No romping was allowed there, so a truce was made by locking little fingers, and both sat down to get their breath.

"I am to go on the piazza for an hour, by and by, Doctor said. Would you mind carrying me down before you go to school? You do it so nicely, I'm not a bit afraid," said Jill, as eager for the little change as if it had been a long and varied journey.

"Yes, indeed! Come on, Princess," answered Jack, glad to see her so well and happy.

The boys made an arm-chair, and away she went, for a pleasant day down-stairs. She thanked Frank with a posy for his button-hole, well knowing that it would soon pass into other hands, and he departed to join Annette. Having told Jill about Bob, and set her to work on the *Observer*, Jack kissed his mother and went whistling down the street, a gay little bachelor, with a nod and a smile for all he met, and no turned-up hat or jaunty turban bobbing along beside him to delay his steps or trouble his peace of mind.

At noon they worked on their paper, which was a collection of items concerning temperance, cut from newspapers, a few anecdotes, a bit of poetry, a story, and, if possible, an original article by the editor. Many hands made light work, and nothing remained but a little copying, which Jill promised to do before night. So the boys had time for a game of foot-ball after school in the afternoon, which they much enjoyed. As they sat resting on the posts, Gus said:

"Uncle Fred says he will give us a hay-cart

ride to-night, as it is moony, and after it you are all to come to our house and have games."

"Can't do it," answered Frank, sadly.

"Lodge," groaned Jack, for both considered a drive in the cart, where they all sat in a merry bunch among the hay, one of the joys of life, and much regretted that a prior engagement would prevent their sharing in it.

"That's a pity! I forgot it was Tuesday, and can't put it off, as I've asked all the rest. Give up your old Lodge and come along," said Gus, who had not joined yet.



JILL TAKES A RIDE IN THE OPEN AIR.

"We might for once, perhaps, but I don't like to"—began Jack, hesitating.

"I won't. Who's to propose Bob, if we don't? I want to go, awfully; but I would n't disappoint Bob for a good deal, now he is willing to come." And Frank sprang off his post as if anxious to flee temptation, for it *was* very pleasant to go singing up hill and down dale, in the spring moonlight, with—well, the fellows of his set.

"Nor Ed; I forgot that. No; we can't go. We

want to be Good Templars, and we must n't shirk," added Jack, following his brother.

"Better come. Can't put it off. Lots of fun," called Gus, disappointed at losing two of his favorite mates.

But the boys did not turn back, and as they went steadily away they felt that they *were* doing their little part in the good work, and making their small sacrifices, like faithful members.

They got their reward, however, for at home they found Mr. Chauncey, a good and great man, from England, who had known their grandfather,

and was an honored friend of the family. The boys loved to hear him talk, and all tea-time listened with interest to the conversation, for Mr. Chauncey was a reformer as well as a famous clergyman, and it was like inspiring music to hear him tell about the world's work, and the brave men and women who were carrying it on. Eager to show that they had, at least, begun, the boys told him about their Lodge, and were immensely pleased when their guest took from his pocket-book a worn paper, proving that he, too, was a Good Templar, and belonged to the same army as they did. Nor was that all, for when they reluctantly excused themselves, Mr. Chauncey gave each a hearty "grip," and said, holding their hands in his, as he smiled at the young faces looking up at him with so much love and honor in them:

"Tell the brothers and sisters that, if I can serve them in any way while here, to command me. I will

give them a lecture at their Lodge or in public, whichever they like; and I wish you God-speed, dear boys."

Two prouder lads never walked the streets than Frank and Jack, as they hurried away, nearly forgetting the poor little paper in their haste to tell the good news; for it was seldom that such an offer was made the Lodge, and they felt the honor done them as bearers of it.

As the secrets of the association cannot be

divulged to the uninitiated, we can only say that there was great rejoicing over the new member, for Bob was unanimously welcomed, and much gratitude both felt and expressed for Mr. Chauncey's interest in this small division of the grand army; for these good folk met with little sympathy from the great people of the town, and it was very cheering to have a well-known and much-beloved man say a word for them. All agreed that the lecture should be public, that others might share the pleasure with them, and perhaps be converted by a higher eloquence than any they possessed.

So the services that night were unusually full of spirit and good cheer; for all felt the influence of a friendly word, the beauty of a fine example. The paper was much applauded, the songs were very hearty, and when Frank, whose turn it was to be chaplain, read the closing prayer, every one felt that they had much to give thanks for, since one more had joined them, and the work was slowly getting on with unexpected helpers sent to lend a hand. The lights shone out from the little hall across the street, the music reached the ears of passers-by, and the busy hum of voices up there told how faithfully some, at least, of the villagers tried to make the town a safer place for their boys to grow up in, though the tavern still had its private bar and the saloon-door stood open to invite them in.

There are many such quiet Lodges, and in them many young people learning, as these lads were learning, something of the duty they owe their neighbors as well as themselves, and being fitted to become good men and sober citizens by practicing and preaching the law and gospel of temperance.

The next night, Mr. Chauncey lectured, and the town turned out to hear the distinguished man,

who not only told them of the crime and misery produced by the terrible vice, which afflicted both England and America, but of the great crusade against it going on everywhere, and the need of courage, patience, hard work and much faith, that in time it might be overcome. Strong and cheerful words that all liked to hear and many heartily believed, especially the young Templars, whose boyish fancies were won by the idea of fighting, as knights of old fought, in the famous crusades they read about in their splendid new young folks' edition of Froissart.

"We can't pitch into people as the Red Cross fellows did, but we can smash rum-jugs when we get the chance, and stand by our flag as our men did in the war," said Frank, with sparkling eyes, as they went home in the moonlight arm in arm, keeping step behind Mr. Chauncey, who led the way with their mother on his arm, a martial figure though a minister, and a good captain to follow, as the boys felt after hearing his stirring words.

"Let's try and get up a company of boys like those Mother told us about, and show people that we mean what we say. I'll be color-bearer, and you may drill us as much as you like. A real 'Cold-Water Army,' with flags flying, and drums, and all sorts of larks," said Jack, much excited, and taking a dramatic view of the matter.

"We'll see about it. Something ought to be done, and perhaps we shall be the men to do it when the time comes," answered Frank, feeling ready to shoulder a musket or be a minute-man in good earnest.

Boyish talk and enthusiasm, but it was of the right sort; and when time and training should have fitted them to bear arms, these high-spirited young knights would be worthy to put on the red cross and ride away to help right the wrongs and slay the dragons that afflict the world.

(To be continued.)

THE MAKING OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

(An Indian Legend.)

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A BIRD and a bee, in the fresh April weather,
Sailed blithely to meet the first summer together.

'T was a very small bird, and a very large bee,
And they talked as they flew, and they could n't agree

As to which of the two should first greet the sweet summer,

The bright-plumaged bird or the busy young hummer.

All at once a black wind-storm dropped down
from the skies,

And it took this small, quarreling pair by surprise.
It whirled them about, until, drenched and half-dead,
They both tumbled into a violet-bed.

When the sun shone again—(this is what I have heard)—

That bird was a bee, and that bee was a bird;
And only one creature went humming away,
Dipping into the flower-cups, that fresh April day.

THE CORAL CASTLE.

By E. T. DISOSWAY.



THE WHALE SMILES. [SEE PAGE 788.]

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, some tiny creatures began to build a castle, down deep beneath the waves of the ocean. A rock just rising from the white sand was its foundation, in a quiet spot where big and little fishes loved to swim.

Silently and noiselessly the polyps went to work, and kept at it day and night, unheeded by the crowds that frisked and dived about the rocks. But one morning a skate, taking a little exercise, bumped his head against something rough and hard.

"My eyes!" he exclaimed, with a grimace. "If the rock is n't growing bigger!"

A flounder, who happened to be passing at the

moment, paused to find out what was the matter, and a curious perch hovering near, seeing the two putting their heads together, very naturally lingered to hear the news.

"Bah!" said the flounder, as the indignant skate rolled his goggle-eyes toward the offending wall. "It is only the work of those insignificant polyps. Such small creatures can't injure us!"

"It must be stopped! It shall be stopped!" cried the skate. "It is an impertinent invasion of our rights. I'll report it to my armed friends!"

Away darted the perch, eager to tell what he had overheard, and it was not long before the shark, sword-fish, dolphin, and a host of large and small

fry knew that the polyps were erecting a castle for themselves under the very noses of the aristocratic inhabitants of the deep. The news spread here and there and everywhere, and very soon shoals upon shoals were hurrying to the spot to see what was going on, and enjoy their share of the gossip.

"I'll soon settle this!" snapped the shark.

"Pshaw!" puffed the porpoise. "One breath may blow it away."

"Give me but a fair chance!" boasted the sword-fish.

And they hurried on to defend their rights.

After reaching the place, the shark begged leave to be allowed to make the first attack. He opened wide his mouth and showed his teeth so that all the sprats, herring, mackerel, and other defenseless fish drew back in consternation, and trembled at a respectful distance.

"Do you dare defy me? Scum of the ocean!"

So saying, the shark advanced and fastened his teeth upon the castle's lower story, while all the spectators gurgled encouragement and approval of his spirited mode of attack.

But the wall stood firm. It was not shaken in the least, and, maddened with rage and disappointment, the shark retreated, too proud to confess that he had left a broken tooth behind.

"Of course, any one could have seen it was not to be destroyed in that fashion," said the sword-fish, preparing for action. "It should be attacked from the top."

He made a fearful thrust at the fortress—no well-armed, valiant soldier-fish could have done better. There was a great splashing and noise, and it was believed that the castle was being leveled with the ocean bed. In the general confusion the shark seized the opportunity to devour unobserved a number of frightened fish within his reach, and an unlucky pearl-oyster who was looking on, his mouth wide

open, was dragged away from his shell by a frisky star-fish, who retired with him and made a hearty luncheon.

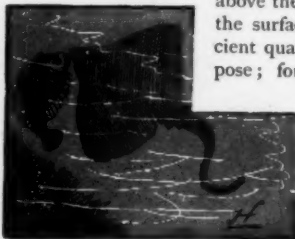
Presently the waters calmed down, and lo! there stood the castle, unmoved and unharmed.

"My friends," said the porpoise, gruffly, looking first at the castle and then at the crowd of dismayed fishes, "it is true that I breathe freely only above the water, but if you will allow me to rise to the surface, I will, if possible, return with a sufficient quantity of condensed air to serve our purpose; for I am convinced that this castle can be destroyed only by blowing it up.

My brave comrades meant well, but it is clear that they did not go to work in the right way."

"Of course the porpoise is right," assented the listeners. "Of course it should be blown up. Wait until he brings back his explosive."

"Meantime, I will lay my plan before you," said an electric eel, with a bow and wriggle, when the porpoise had disappeared. "As some of you know, nature has provided me with a galvanic battery. I propose to test it in razing yonder edifice to its very foundation. Polyyps, as you all are aware, must have something to build upon. By communicating a heavy shock to the rock, it will be demolished, and the work of the impudent builders will be stopped."



THE SHARK AND FLOUNDER PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



THE SHARK TRIES.

The hearers looked askance at the eel, for he was an odd fish, with queer manners and slippery ways, and they never thoroughly understood him.

"Why hesitate to avail yourselves of this scientific method?" added the eel, with another wriggle. "It is true, I am not blessed with an armor of



THE SWORD-FISH TRIES.

shell. My fins and scales are not so shining nor attractive as yours, yet many a fish has but one tool—its mouth—and that weapon is of limited capacity in such an emergency as this. My beloved friends, give me a fair show."

"Go at it, then," grinned the shark.

"May your efforts be crowned with success!" exclaimed the sword-fish.

"Only hurry up, for the porpoise is coming," added a pilot-fish.

The eel lost not an instant. He approached the rock and tapped it gently with his tail, once—twice—thrice. The lookers-on blinked hard, hoping that the foe's quarters would be shattered into small bits. But no change was visible.

"Every polyp is now as dead as a door-nail, depend upon it," said the eel. "I've settled them!"

"But the castle! The castle is still standing," murmured the dissatisfied fishes.

"Ha! ha!" laughed a ten-feet conger eel, who had been silently looking on. "Don't believe a word he tells you; I must say he is the most shockingly treacherous fellow in the water, if he is my cousin!"

"Take that for your impudence," said the cousin, giving the conger a tremendous shock from his battery.

He then retreated, and the attention of all was turned to the porpoise, who was so full of air that he had hard work to sink himself and looked very uncomfortable.

Putting himself in position, the porpoise gave

three terrific blasts, and then—his wind gave out. But he made a great commotion. It was difficult to know if this was caused by his contortions, or by the wind he had blown out.

At last, quite worn out by his extraordinary exertions, he sank, flabby and helpless, upon the white sand.

"It must have been demolished," whispered the credulous little fishes, not daring yet to go too near; but soon a little scallop tumbled from the rock, his row of bright blue eyes staring wide, and he reported that the castle was as good as ever, and that, instead of being alarmed or disturbed by all the unusual pounding and battering, the polyps were building away as if nothing had happened.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish, to be sure!

Some sea-anemones had been torn away by the porpoise, and their gay, fringed coats much injured. A few staid sponges had been sadly damaged; some mussels had been ousted from comfortable quarters. A little sea-weed more or less tangled, a shaky leg broken off a paralytic crab, and the cracked shell of a nautilus, completed the list of disasters. In fact, there had been "great cry and little wool."

What was to be done?

The defeated parties rolled their eyes at each other in despair, and shook their tails in a show of defiance at the insolent enemy.

In the midst of their perplexity, down dropped a flying-fish and announced that President Whale, having caught wind of the tumult, was hurrying to



THE PORPOISE TRIES.

the scene, in order to give them the benefit of long years of experience. This news was received with great delight.

"You 'd better keep around the corner," said the conger eel to his shocking relative. "President Whale knows what kind of an eel you are. He 'll finish you!"

"Who's afraid?" answered the electric eel; but he kept out of sight, nevertheless.

"Oh, wont they catch it, now, though!" said the lamed crab, scrabbling over an oyster in his hurry to get out of danger. The oyster winked, but dared not open his mouth; for he had just seen a friend of his disappear in a startling manner.

"One swing of his magnificent tail will brush away the work of these paltry millions," remarked a huge sturgeon.

"Dear me! I hope it wont hurt us," murmured a little fish, "or tear away our fins, or break off our tails. Poor Nautilus is disabled for a long time to come."

"The wind is taken out of his sails, at last," grumbled an envious lobster. "What business had that dandy with a pleasure boat, anyhow?"

Meantime, the flying-fish busied himself in putting everything in proper order for the great occasion, and scarcely had this been done, when the rising and falling waves rebounded with the thundering floppings of President Whale's tremendous flukes. Soon His Excellency loomed into view.

"Ahoy!" cried the assembled fishes.

He greeted them all with a kindly gesture of his broad fins, but his eyes expressed mild reproach, as one after another began to tell the story of their

"We will not stand it!"

"It is a barrier illegally raised in these waters."

Such were the complaints of the aggrieved fishes. The whale smiled again, and a great bubbling, frisking, whirling, diving and retreating followed this second sign of friendliness.

"This is folly," he began. "But I must bear in mind your youth and inexperience. Nay, Shark, do not grind your teeth in useless rage. Keep your weapon for other purposes, Sword-fish; and, dear cousin Porpoise, you seem weary. Your efforts are vain. Everything is vain but a policy of reconciliation. Yonder wall will rise higher and higher; you may dash your bodies against it and suffer—but the castle will remain. Although built by the smallest and weakest creatures in the ocean, it will stand when your bones and those of your families are lying bare and white upon the sands. The work will creep up steadily toward the light and air, until, rising far above these tranquil lower waters, it will defy the currents that disturb the higher levels. But they cannot sweep it away, for the creatures you despise only build faster and stronger where the tides rush with violence. Who can tell," concluded he, "but that one day your own bones may be washed from their resting place, and find a lodgment on the coral reef! And now, excuse me—I must renew my supply of air. Farewell."

So saying, the whale departed, and the multitude of fishes immediately held a council of war, and numerous private indignation meetings. But it was of no use. The sea-anemones cast about for a permanent home on the castle, and sponges, sea-weed, mussels, oysters and scallops took possession of quiet spots, for a life-long lease.

The skate revenged himself by making horrible faces and rolling his eyes at the offending fortress, but in time the predictions of the whale came true. The walls continued to rise toward the light and air. Finally, there was a great heaving beneath the coral castle, and it was raised bodily, until its top appeared above the waters. Then, tangled bits of sea-weed and chips of wood attached themselves to the coral rock, and, as the sagacious whale had said, some of the bleached bones and shells of the old enemies were washed, with the sand, from the ocean's bed, and helped to form a sub-soil above the waves, upon the summit of the coral castle. Seeds, carried by the winds or brought by birds, fell on this soil, and plants sprang up fresh, green and beautiful, and a little island, pleasant to look at, shone like an emerald in the lap of Ocean,—a great end gained by dauntless toil.



THE EEL TRIES.

wrongs. Then he opened his mouth. He smiled. So awful was that smile, although meant to be full of gentle condescension, that the little fishes quivered and went further to the rear.

"One at a time, if you please," said His Excellency.

"They are building a castle!"

"They are invading our ancestral rights!"



SUPERFINE ARTICLE. TERMS: CASH, ON DELIVERY.

CHEWINK.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I PAUSE at the curtained door of the woods,
 So breathless a quiet around me broods;
 The breeze at the threshold has died—
 Shall I venture a step inside?
 But listen! a startled call
 Breaks over the ivied wall,
 A sound like a musical latch's clink,—
 "Chewink!"

M.: then, were you watching and waiting for,
 Sharp-eyed little forest janitor?
 Can I guess where you hide your nest?
 If I could, would I spoil its rest?

Your family need not stir,
 For I am no plunderer.
 He chirps back alarm at the thoughts I think:—
 "Chewink!"

Ho! whistle "chewink!" but I know you can sing
 When you fancy that no one is listening.
 Do you think, O mistaken bird,
 Your music I never heard?
 But you rustle a "Tell-tale, hush!"
 As you flit through the underbrush,
 And into the dusk of the thicket sink,
 "Chewink!"

PLACER AND GULCH MINING FOR GOLD.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE person who travels through many parts of the Rocky Mountains, and of the Sierra Nevada, will observe along the banks of the streams vast piles of bare gravel. Through the midst of these heaps of pebbles, among which, now and then, there towers up the round back of a bowlder, or rises a little grassy island bearing some charred stump, one may often see remains of wooden machinery, and the ruins of abandoned huts; or he may even meet with men at work, and learn how the hasty little stream is made to pause and pay toll in service as it rushes downward from the snow-fields where it was born.

All these appearances are signs of gold-mining by the method known as "placer-washing" or "gulch-digging." It is the simplest, and, in some respects, the most interesting of all the processes by which the precious metal is got out of the earth. It has been practiced for a very long period. History does not go back far enough to tell us when gold first began to be used, but it is supposed that all the gold the ancients had was procured in this way. Wherever that mysterious country Ophir may have been, no doubt it was a placer district.

When gold has been discovered in any region (and this usually happens through some lucky accident), adventurous men rush to the spot in crowds, and at once look for more signs of it. This search is called "prospecting," and it is done by parties of two or three, who go along the creeks flowing down from the hills, and test the gravel in the banks until they find what they seek. The prospector's outfit consists of as much provision as he can carry on his back or pack on a donkey, a couple of blankets, guns and ammunition, a few cooking-utensils, a shovel and pick, and a gold-pan. The last is the most important of all these, excepting food. It is made of sheet-iron, and is shaped much like an extra large milk-pan. The prospectors, who call each other partner, or "pard" for short, agreeing to divide all they find, trudge along all day beside their Mexican donkey, keeping their eyes keenly upon the lookout, and slowly climbing toward the head of the ravine or gulch down which the creek plunges. Finally they come to a point where the gulch widens out a little, or perhaps where a rivulet flows down from a side-hill, and a high bank of gravel has collected. Then they let their donkeys feed upon the short, crisp

grass, or nibble the white sage, while they climb a little way up the bank and dig a pit a few feet deep.

You may see these "prospect-holes" all over the mountains, for many times nothing has been found at the bottom of them to justify further operations there; and a man who is unlucky enough to dig many of these fruitless pits gets the reputation of being a "gopher," and finds himself laughed at a good deal.

Their prospect-hole dug down to where the gravel is firm, they scoop up a panful of dirt and carry it down to the margin of the stream. First having picked out the large pieces of stone, one of the prospectors then takes the pan in both hands, dips up a little water and, gently shaking the pan, allows the water to flow over the edge and run away, carrying with it the lightest portions of the soil. This is done repeatedly, but as less and less of the heaviest dirt is left behind, greater care must be used. It requires much dexterity and practice to keep the bottom of the pan always lower than the edge and at the same time dip up and pour out the water without throwing away more earth than you wish to. Tender management for eight or ten minutes, however, gets rid of everything except a spoonful of black sand, and among this (if you have been successful) gleam yellow particles of gold, which have settled to the bottom, and have been left behind in the incessant agitation and washing away of the earth, because they were heavier than anything else in the pan.

This operation is called "washing" or "panning-out"; but it is not quite done yet, for the "colors" or particles of gold must be separated from the black grains, which are mainly of iron or lead, and by passing a magnet back and forth through them, these will be dragged out, sticking to it. The gold is then weighed and the value estimated. Nowadays, if a prospector finds he can count on three cents in every panful of dirt, he knows he can make money by the help of machinery; but if he is to do his work wholly by hand he must collect at least ten cents from each pan, and in the early days this would have been thought very moderate pay. There used to be mines in Colorado known as "pound-diggings," because it was said that a pound weight of gold a day could be saved by every man who worked there.

After testing here and there, our prospectors decide upon the best part of the gravel-bank (which

they would call a "bar"), and take possession of a small tract or "claim," the amount of which is regulated by law, and this "claim" they mark by driving stakes down and writing their names and the boundaries upon them.

Our miners, let us suppose, prefer not to get their gold by the slow method of panning. They therefore procure some pieces of board and hammer together a "rocker" or "cradle." This machine takes its name from its resemblance to an old-fashioned baby's cradle. It is mounted upon two rockers, and its head-board is high enough to serve as a handle to rock it by. Inside is ranged a series of three or four sieves, upon inclined supports, one

The cradle is an old contrivance and many forms of it are in use, some having only a single perforated partition to screen off the largest stones. It can be carried about wherever the miner finds it convenient to work, and does not require a vast amount of water. Lastly, it calls for much less skill than most other methods. Nevertheless, the day of the cradle is nearly gone by, except where a single poor man goes off by himself to some retired spot, and works not so much for wealth as merely with the hope of getting a living. In its place the "sluice-box" has come to be the great instrument for gathering gold out of a placer-bar.

In order to operate a sluice to advantage, there



"PANNING-OUT."

above the other, the coarsest sieves being uppermost. There is no foot-board, and in its place projects a long spout, out of which the waste water runs, and where there are cleats or "riffles" like those I shall explain further on when I speak of the sluice. Into this cradle one man shovels the dirt and gravel, while his partner rocks it and pours in the water, which he dips out of the stream with a long-handled dipper. The big stones all shoot off from the surface of the cradle, but the dirt and small pebbles fall through on to the second sieve, through which, in turn, the finer half goes, and so on until the bottom and the spout catch the gold and retain it alone, while the water drifts the worthless stuff away.

must be plenty of material to be handled and plenty of water. It is upon a sure supply of water that placer-mining depends, and it often happens that a bar that is worth very little might be worth a great deal if only a stream could be turned through it. Sometimes the gravels are in the very bed of the creek, or on a level with it, and the poor stream, tortured out of its course, is sent in a dozen new channels, while the old beds are rocked through the creaking cradles, or go rattling down the hollow lengths of the stretching sluices. But, as a rule, it is necessary to bring the water in a ditch from some lofty point in the mountains down to the highest part of the placers. Sometimes all the miners stop work and unite in making the

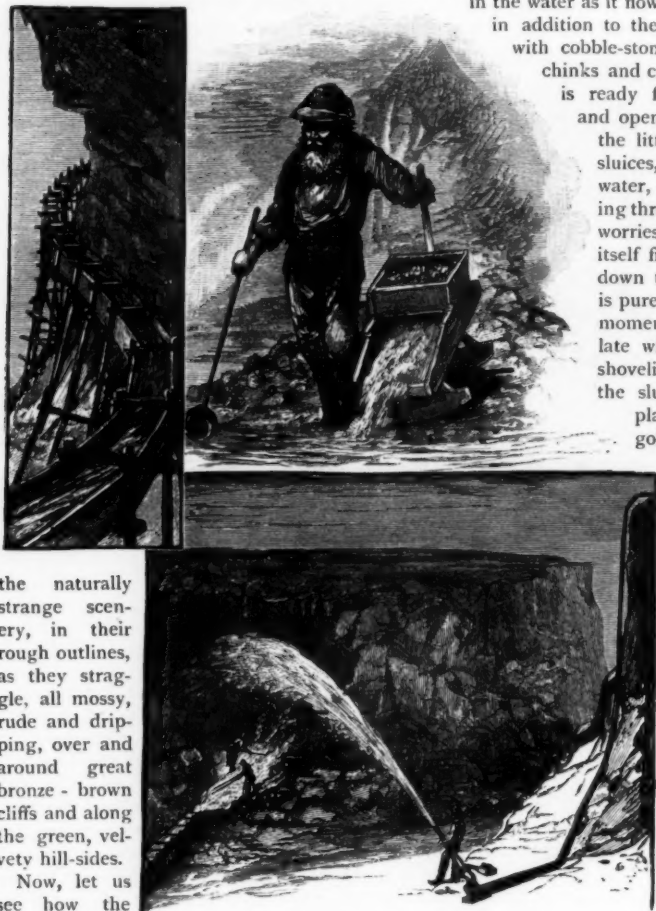
ditch, which they then own in common; at other times one or two men will pay for the construction of the ditch, which they then own and from which they lease water to the miners. You may see these little canals curving under the brows and along the retreating slopes of the hills, seeking in and out of all the windings a slant by which the water will steadily run downward. Now and then a rocky headland must be skirted, or a deep gully crossed, and here the water is carried in a wooden "flume," supported upon a trestle-work of poles and props. These aqueducts become a striking addition to

flows gurgling and sparkling through the canal, bright and limpid as a natural mountain torrent.

Meanwhile, each miner has built his sluices. These consist of long, narrow boxes made of planking,—one plank high on each side and two planks broad at the bottom. Sometimes only two or three of these boxes or troughs are placed end to end, sometimes a long line of them; but all along on the bottom, particularly down toward the lower end, are nailed, crosswise, strips of wood like cleats, which are known as "riffles,"—I suppose because they make a series of little waves or riffles in the water as it flows over them. Usually, also, in addition to the cleats, the bottom is paved with cobble-stones, so as to offer as many chinks and crannies as possible. Now all is ready for extensive placer-mining, and opening the gate which admits to the little channel that leads to the sluices, down comes the clear blue water, and goes dashing and foaming through the confined trough and worries past the riffles, until it finds itself free, at the "tail," to run on down the valley whither it will. It is pure and sparkling now, but in a moment it becomes brown as chocolate with mud, for the miners are shoveling the earth and gravel into the sluice-boxes, and the rivulet's play-day is over,—its work of gold-washing is begun.

After my description of the cradle, I need hardly trouble you to read an explanation of sluicing. It is perfectly plain to you that, when the gravel is shoveled into the sluices, the swift current sweeps away all the light stuff, and rolls the round stones out at the end, while the heavy grains of gold sink rapidly to the bottom, and are caught behind the cleats, or between some of the paving-stones. Usually the men help this process along by continually stirring up the bottom of the sluice-box with a shovel, so that too much besides the gold shall

not stay behind; and frequently some quicksilver is sprinkled in the bottom to attract and hold the gold more surely. This seems a very rude and



1. THE FLUME. 2. MINER AND CRADLE. 3. HYDRAULIC MINING.

the naturally strange scenery, in their rough outlines, as they straggle, all mossy, rude and dripping, over and around great bronze-brown cliffs and along the green, velvety hill-sides.

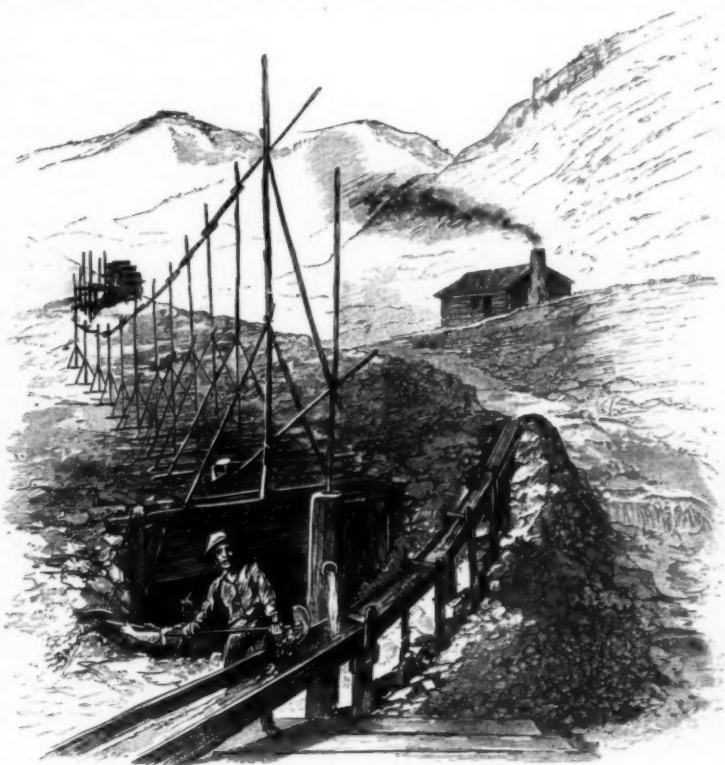
Now, let us see how the ditch is made useful. When it is completed, as many gates are made as there are mines to be supplied; through these, water can be drawn off, and then the water is let on, and

clumsy contrivance in working after so precious a prize; indeed, it never seems quite right to dig and toss and treat so carelessly the rich soil of these mines; but experience has shown that gold is so sure to sink through all this agitation and mass of waste rock, and that it is so indestructible, that these rough methods are good enough for this kind of mining.

The proof comes at night, or at the end of the week, when the "clean-up" is made. Then the water is shut off, the sluice is drained dry, and all the big stones are thrown out. The black iron-sand and other sediment in the bottom is scraped out of all the corners and crevices, and carefully washed. A rich panful of gold remains,—perhaps hundreds of dollars' worth,—which is separated from the iron by the use of the magnet, as before, and poured into the little buckskin bag which forms the miner's wallet. Then it is weighed and divided between the various partners who are working the claim together.

By the amount of the "clean-up," they judge of the worth of the claim if anybody proposes to buy it of them. The general supposition is that a claim will average the same yield of gold all through, but this does not always hold true. The gold occurs in "pay-streaks," and two claims side by side may be of very unequal value. The effort of every miner is to get to "bed-rock" as soon as possible,—that is, to the rocky floor upon which the gravel has been drifted and piled, for the reason that in the process of that drifting the gold has a chance to fall through the boulders and silt down to the bed-rock. He will tell you that it is paved with a sheet of solid gold; but often he finds hardly more than he met with on the way.

Sometimes it is only a certain layer in the bank which is "pay-dirt" and profitable to work. Then he pushes a tunnel into the side of a hill, and



THE SLUICE AND PUMP.

brings his gravel out on a wheelbarrow to wash at the opening. Men will work all day in these tunnels, sometimes lying almost at full length on their sides, and accidents frequently occur by the roof falling in, and so forth. In digging down to bed-rock, it frequently happens that the hole or shaft becomes so full of water that no more work can be done. It would cost too much to have a man to pump it out, and likely enough one man, or half a dozen, would be unable to do it; but here is the water in the neighboring creek, or, if that is wanting, the stream from their big ditch, waiting to be harnessed to do the work. So the blacksmith is consulted, an axle-tree, trunnions, and one or two other bolts of iron-work are forged; then a framework is raised, a small water-wheel knocked together and hung in it, a flume laid which pours a stream of water upon the wheel, and a rough gearing of poles so arranged that every time the

wheel goes around the plunger of the pump is raised, and the water is pulled out. Sometimes the connecting-rod between the water-wheel and the pump is a line of aspen-poles, a hundred or two hundred feet long. This is supported every dozen feet or so, upon standards which are fastened on pivots to firm blocks on the ground, so as to move backward and forward with each lifting and sinking of the pump.

When a company of men find a new gold-gulch and begin to work it, they call the village which grows up there a camp, and give it some name which is just as likely to be absurd as it is to be appropriate. Dutch Flat, Red Dog, Bough Town, Buckskin, and dozens of other comical names are examples. The miners hastily throw up little log cabins, six or eight logs high, covered with a roof of poles and dirt, and having nothing better than the hard-tramped earth for a floor. In one end is the fire-place (the chimney is outside, like that of a negro's hut in the South) and at the other end are rough bunks, where the owner stuffs in some long grass, or spruce-boughs, or straw, and spreads his bed or blankets. These rude little cabins are packed close together up and down the sides of the gulch, so as to be as near as possible to, and yet out of the way of, the mining, and they give a very pretty look to the wild scenery of these mountains. As the camp grows larger, merchants go there with goods to sell; stage-coaches begin to run to and from older settlements; shops, hotels, restaurants and churches are built, and the camp becomes a town. I have known of such a gulch-mining settlement converting in a single year an utter wilderness in the mountains, long miles away from anywhere, into a city of ten thousand people or more. Then suddenly it is found that all the gold in the gravel-bar has been washed out; and people begin to leave so rapidly that, in a few months, the once busy and populous camp is almost utterly deserted, and hundreds of houses are left empty. Not all the camps have so fleeting a life. Almost all the large cities and towns of California and the Rocky Mountains began as placer-camps. But it usually happens that, about this time, some shrewd rich man, or company of rich men, buys out several claims, until they have a considerable area of the gravel-bank in their possession. Then they erect machinery, and pursue the work of what is known as hydraulic mining, for they can make money by this means out of gravel too poor in gold to pay for panning or cradling, according to the gold-digger's high ideas of profit.

In hydraulic mining a stream of water is brought into the mine through iron pipes, from so high a source as to give immense force to it when it leaps

out of the nozzle. The fall must be from 150 to 200 feet, usually, to furnish the necessary "head," and upon the power which the water has depends the success of the enterprise. The pipe consists of stout iron, and is a foot or so in diameter. It is made up of sections about twelve feet long, and therefore can be lengthened or shortened, bent or moved about, as required. Into its upper end, away up on the steep hill-side, flows the water of the high-line ditch, or perhaps the current of a mountain snow-fed torrent. At the lower end of the pipe is arranged a very strong iron mouth-piece, like the nozzle of a steam fire-engine, only three times as big, which swings upon compound joints in its attachment to the pipe, so that it can be moved in any direction,—upward, downward or sideways. So much for the water-power machinery, for that is what *hydraulic* means. Now, observe how they employ it.

Down at the edge of the creek there is room enough to lay their pipes and set up the "Little Giant," as they call their nozzle. Down the creek-bed a little distance already has been built a great sluice-box, sometimes a hundred yards or more long, and much more capacious than the sluices used in hand-work. Leading down to this, a steep channel is arranged from the gravel-bank, and all is ready. The flood-gates are opened, the big nozzle is pointed straight at the bank, the water resounds through the humming pipes and rushes forth from the nozzle in a solid, straight, ice-white beam, which bores its way into the bank and tumbles the boulders out very much as a steady stream of cannon balls would do it. It is great sport to watch this fierce attack of so much water, remembering that it is only its weight, and the force it accumulates in its eagerness to escape from the close pipes, which is hurrying it on at this fearful speed. The bank crumbles, and bits of hard clay, small stones and fragments of petrified wood are tossed high in the broad fountain which flies backward from the point where the water strikes, and falls with a constant roar and rattle. The white, mist-hidden beam of water bores its way deeper and deeper, the mass of foam and broken earth changes and grows as the face of the cliff and the direction of the nozzle are changed, and so the Little Giant rapidly eats his way into the gravel, and at the same time sweeps away the loose material into the sluices by the very flood which his energy creates.

Meanwhile, down in the channel stand men aiding the separation of the gold. They are picking the large, worthless stones out of the stream, and piling them in an out-of-the-way place; they are walking about knee-deep in the raging, mud-laden flood, continually stirring up the bottom with

shovels, in order that no gold may settle there, and poking out the heavier rocks. Through the stout sluice leaps a swift and noisy current, bearing in its thick waters thousands of minute flakes of gold, with now and then a nugget. These quickly sink to the bottom, and are caught by the riffles, so that the clean-up of a hydraulic sluice ought to be, and usually is, very rich; for a hundred times more earth is sent through it each day, under the tearing strength of the Little Giant, than ever shovels alone could handle; moreover, it often happens that there are five or six pipes and nozzles firing at the same bank. Then the destruction is very rapid, great masses of gravel being undermined and falling with a noise like a clap of thunder.

The gold is collected from the sluice by shutting off the water, taking out the riffles, and scraping the bottom. Some quicksilver has usually been sprinkled in the sluice previously, and more is now added, the better to collect the gold, for which it has a strong attraction. The union of the two metals forms what is known as an amalgam, and there are two ways of separating them again. If the miners do not care to save the quicksilver (which is the same thing as the mercury of our thermometers), they put the amalgam in a bag, and strain out the quicksilver by squeezing, just as you press the juice out of grapes when jelly is to be made. Then the gold and the trifle of quicksilver remaining is placed upon a shovel and held over the fire, until all the white metal passes off in vapor. This does not require a long time or much heat. It is because mercury is so easily affected by heat that it is used in barometers and thermometers.

If, however, it is desired to save the mercury, the amalgam, as soon as it is cleaned out of the sluice, is put into a chemist's retort and heated. The mercury turns to vapor, which rises through a tube passing at a short distance through a box of ice or cold water, and is there condensed or turned back to liquid again, when it runs into a jar and is ready to be used a second time. In this way, the same mercury may be used over and over again, with but little loss.

Sometimes several thousand dollars are the profit of a single week of hydraulic mining, but several hundreds would be a more ordinary estimate.

Conducted on whatever system, gold mining is not always so profitable a business as it seems at first glance. After all, an ounce of gold is worth only so much, and a pound only twelve times as much. To get a pound of gold requires much hard work, and a considerable outlay of money for food, for wear and tear of clothes, for rent of water, for purchase of machinery, etc., etc. Sometimes the

gains are enormous, but it is only a few who have become rich in gold-digging, out of thousands who have struggled and failed. Nor, exciting and romantic as it seems to live in this wild, outdoor, picnic style, and to dig the shining, precious mineral, that we all hold in such high and almost poetic esteem, out of the ignoble gravel where it has lain neglected so long, is it altogether enjoyable work. You must be almost continually wet, and the water in the mountains is cold; you must handle all day long rough stones, heave huge boulders and shovel heavy dirt; you must swing the pick till your back aches, and waggle that rusty gold-pan till your arms grow lame and your fingers are sore, while the sun beats down straight and hot, or the chill wind cuts through your wet garments. You must work early and late, hard and fast, and often defend your property by a little war, if you would equal your neighbors or hold your claim.

Then, see how the gold-miner lives. His cabin is low and dark and dirty. The climate is too severe and the ground too rocky for him to raise a garden, if he cared to, and he has no time for such pleasures. His work is too hard to allow him to wear any but the roughest of leather and woolen clothes, and his fare is of the plainest kind, which he can cook himself,—bacon, ham, bread (baked in a Dutch oven, or by propping it upon sticks before an open fire), coffee, dried apples, beans, and sometimes canned fruit and vegetables. I have known a placer camp to be without a potato or a drink of milk or a bit of butter for nine months at a time; but nowadays miners live somewhat better than they used to, because grocers have learned how to pack food in such a shape that it will keep well and can be carried far into the mountains on mule-back.

The amusements of a mining-camp are not such as young people would find much fun in. Until the "camp" changes to a town there are no women or children there; and often they never *do* come. The miners are wicked men, as a rule, and I am sorry to say their amusements are almost all connected with liquor and gambling. It is in such dissipations that they spend nearly all the great wealth they get, so that often gold-miners will make and lose a dozen large fortunes in as many years. There are those, of course, who save, hiding away their little buckskin bags of gold-dust; but they are careful not to let any one know of it, for if they did, they would be very likely to be robbed and perhaps shot by some of the desperadoes who infest those localities, or robbed on the way out to civilization by highwaymen. Gold-digging is hard and dangerous and life-wearing work, yet is always fascinating and sometimes very profitable.

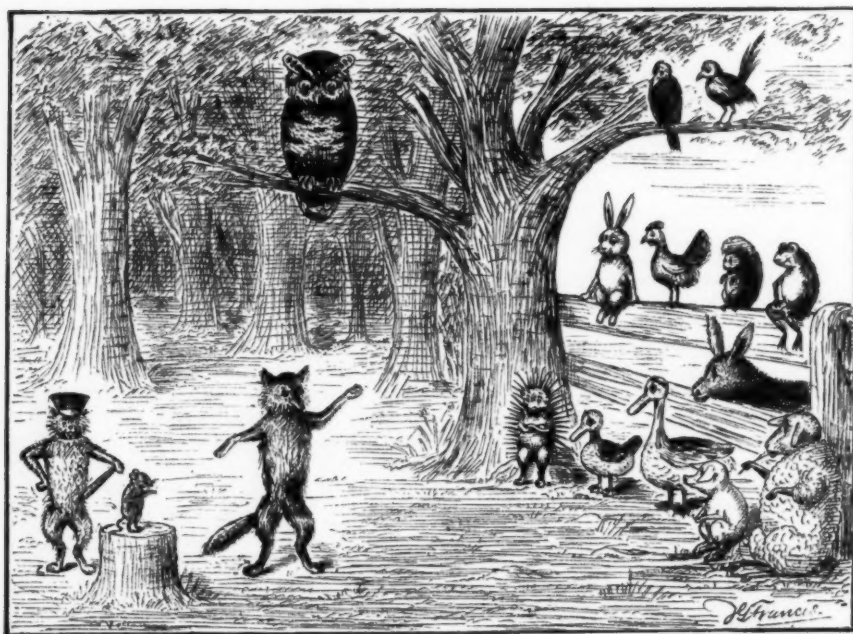
Did it ever occur to you to ask how the gold got

mixed up in the gravel? Perhaps I can give you a hint as to how to study the matter out fully.

The gravel-banks were piled in the places where they are now found either by the streams, which formerly were vastly larger than they now are, or else by great moving masses of ice, called glaciers. If you should read Professor Tyndall's little book, "Forms of Water," you would get a very good idea of this ice-power, and much entertainment besides. Whatever the way, the broken fragments of the mountain, which the action of the atmosphere and trickling water had undermined, frost had cracked off, and lightning had splintered to pieces, through thousands of years, became rolled down the bed of the ancient river and rounded into pebbles and cobble-stones, just as yet is being done in the bed of every rapid stream.

Now, scattered all through the granite rock of which these towering Rocky Mountains are built up, are veins or streaks of quartz—a white, crystalline rock in which the gold is found, though it by no means follows that every quartz-vein carries

the royal metal. When, by the action of frost, rain, and lightning, and ice, the rocks are shattered and rolled down the bed of the stream, the quartz goes along with the granite, and of course, if there is any gold there, it, too, is torn out and grinds along with the rest, until it finds a chance to settle and help build up the bar that, ages afterward, our prospectors find and dig into. Placer-gold is therefore sometimes known as "floated" gold, and high in the range, at the head of a gulch which contains good gravel, are to be found quartz-veins, whence the riches below have come, and where the undisturbed gold may be dug out and separated from the mother-rock by the various processes known under the head of quartz-mining, which are far more expensive and complicated than anything done in working the placers. It is the general belief that in the United States the placers have been pretty well exhausted, and that most of the gold in the future is to be expected from the quartz lodes, and sought for deep in the heart of the mountains, hundreds of feet under-ground.



A TRIAL BY JURY.

JOHNNY'S POCKETS.

BY ANNA B. AVERILL.

"NOT a pocket, sir; not a pocket in that whole suit!"

Johnny's face was the picture of dismay.

"Why, Aunt Jane, what shall I do without them?" he said, in a slow, bewildered way.

"You won't be likely to raise toads about your person, or be caught walking into church looking as though you had a pumpkin on each hip."

"But, my handkerchiefs, Aunt Jane?"

Aunt Jane smiled grimly.

"Handkerchiefs, indeed! How long did you ever keep one before it was lost, and when were you ever known to use one? No; I came to the conclusion, before I decided to make this suit up without pockets, that a handkerchief with you was—a *supernumerary*."

This silenced him. Aunt Jane was in the habit of quenching with long words his small attempts at argument. He was carrying several at the present moment undigested in his busy little brain, a burden and a perplexity. So he walked away quite dejectedly in his new clothes, and Aunt Jane returned to her clear-starching with a triumphant smile.

"Hullo, Johnny!" called Willie Brent from the middle of the street, as Johnny was passing through the gate. "Lend me your knife, please; see, I have broken mine."

Johnny's hands instinctively sought the outer seams of his trousers. Then he blushed, stammered, and the hands fell despairingly beside him.

"I—I left it in my other clothes," he said, in a low voice.

This was true, but Willie regarded him with a slight expression of wonder in his handsome face.

"Your clothes *are* new, are n't they?" he said, pleasantly, noticing them for the first time. "You look fine, Johnny."

Johnny's heart sank. What if Willie knew the hollow cheat they were! He glanced down guiltily at the miserable sham pocket-flaps on the jacket and vest. How could he bear to have the boys discover his condition? How long could he conceal it? Who would be the first to find it out, and what would the boys think, and say, and do, if they knew? These were a few of the questions that began to torment him. He would beg Aunt Jane to let him wear his old mended suit—but she would not consent to this, for she had sat up nights lately hurrying to finish these clothes, and he had heard

her say that she was "ashamed of her life" to have him seen going to school in those shabby garments.

Will went on up the street, and he wandered away aimlessly by himself. The further he went, and the longer he mused, the more sharply he realized his disagreeable plight.

He clasped his hands above his head and walked, he crossed them behind his back and walked, he folded them over his breast and walked, and tried to forget—and could n't! Then he tried to comfort himself with useless arguments.

Might not a boy live and even enjoy himself tolerably well without pockets? Aunt Jane was right about the handkerchiefs. He never needed one. His slate-pencil was tied to his slate in his drawer at school, where he kept his lead-pencil, his pens and his rubber, that he might have room in his pockets for more precious things.

But alas, and alas! After long and serious debate with himself, he remained unconvinced.

A week passed away. The scholars at school all noticed the change that had come over little Johnny Blake, and wondered at it.

"Don't you see, Amy," asked Will Brent of his sister, "how different he is? He has n't played ball once this week; he would n't go fishing yesterday; he mopes by himself half of the time, and he says he is n't sick, either."

Amy Brent, a motherly girl of fourteen, opened wide her blue eyes and regarded her brother thoughtfully.

"But he was always quiet, Willie," she said.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Will, somewhat impatiently. "But I know Johnny Blake well enough. You watch him, and you'll see what I mean."

And Amy watched—and saw—more than Willie had seen, more than Johnny would ever have told; for she discovered his secret.

At the close of another week, she drew her brother aside one evening at home.

"Can you keep a secret, Will?" she asked him, earnestly.

"Yes," he answered, without hesitation, much impressed by her manner. And then and there she unfolded a well-matured plan in which he was to assist—a plan requiring no small coolness and skill, and considerable daring, but which immediately met with his full and hearty approval.

Meanwhile, Johnny Blake had declined perceptibly in flesh and spirits. From a rosy, happy

boy, never noisy and obtrusive, but busy and healthy in mind and body, he became a listless solitary.

In school he was still faithful and patient at his studies, but out of school he avoided his playmates all that was possible, and one wish became uppermost in his heart—to conceal his disgrace, for as such he had come to regard it,—from the world.

To Aunt Jane the change was not yet apparent. If he was a trifle quieter than usual, she congratulated herself upon his improvement. She gave him full credit for being better than the average boy, and if he could have been kept out of all kinds of dirt and play, and mischief of even the most harmless sort, if he could have been so "improved" as never to forget, nor blunder, nor "bother," he would have been a boy after her own heart. Johnny stood very much in awe of Aunt Jane. He performed the small duties she required of him quietly and obediently, never thought of confiding a trouble to her, and regarded her smallest word as unchangeable. What he thought of her largest one it would be hard to tell.

And now two weeks had passed away. It was ten o'clock of a pleasant moonlit night. Johnny had lain awake long after retiring for the night, gazing through his open chamber-window at the clear, soft sky. Aunt Jane had frequently cautioned him against leaving this window up, for it was just over the low roof of the wood-shed, and once, in the middle of the night, when Will Brent had slept with him, two strange cats had bounced in, tearing and fighting each other, and awakened the whole house. But this was one of the many injunctions that Johnny sometimes "forgot." Tonight he had been thinking over a great many things, and at last he fell to wondering if it were quite right to let the affair of the pockets acquire the proportions it had assumed. It had all come over him afresh, how entirely his life at school and among his friends was changing, and he tried to resolve that he would rise above it. But how? He tried to imagine how Will Brent would have laughed off such a calamity and made the best of it. But Will was two years older than he, and then such a thing could never have happened to Will, for he had a mother; and mothers never made their boys' clothes without pockets. Such a thing was never heard of before, nor read of, in all the annals of boyhood. Johnny's heart was very sad. He fell asleep, at last, still unreconciled.

He was awakened by some one's pronouncing his name, in a loud, squeaky whisper. He opened his eyes in slow bewilderment. The moon was still shining brightly, and there, close beside his bed, was the queerest figure! A little, bent and humped old woman, in a peaked and ruffled cap,

looking at him through great, shining spectacles, and smiling in a calm, superior way.

"Johnny," she said, in a curious whisper, "I am your fairy godmother, and I will take your clothes away, and put some pockets in them, and bring them back long before morning, if you will be still, and say nothing to-night. Promise, with a nod, quick; if you speak, the charm will break!"

Johnny had read a great deal about fairy godmothers, and believed in them. He gave the nod, and watched the strange creature disappear noiselessly through the window with his clothes. He seemed to be still in some enchanted land of sleep. It did not seem strange to him that this thing should be, with the moon shining on the floor, and his dreams thick about him. He had not stirred in bed, nor moved his head on the pillow, and he remembered no more until the morning sun was shining in his eyes, and Aunt Jane was calling him to breakfast.

He jumped out of bed. There were his clothes hanging upon a chair, exactly as he had left them.

He took them up with a puzzled, incredulous smile, at the thought of his strangely vivid dream; but he could not resist peering under the pocket-flaps of his jacket.

He sat down suddenly on the side of the bed, rubbed his eyes, winked hard, and looked again.

There were pockets under the flaps!

He sat as if stunned. He looked through the window into the bright, glad sky. The swallows were darting and twittering, the robins were singing aloud for joy; and a pure, deep and blessed thankfulness began to well up in his heart. He examined the garments over one by one. There were *seven* pockets in all; two side-pockets and a breast-pocket in the jacket, two in the vest, and two in the trousers!

He could hardly keep the tears back, or refrain from singing aloud with the gay robins; but he dressed and went down to breakfast with a new light in his eyes, which Aunt Jane did not see. How could he tell Aunt Jane? And nobody else in the world had ever known! So he kept this new joy to himself, as he had kept his trouble, regaining his lost rosiness and growing happier every hour, until, at last, he came home from school one day in such a state of bulge, that Aunt Jane, who had beheld him from afar, pounced upon him with wonder passing description, and he felt that concealment was no longer possible.

Then he told her the whole, straightforward story, as it had taken form in his simple, believing heart, and she knew that he spoke the truth. She had learned long ago to put absolute trust in his word.

She held him off at arm's length, and looked

into his eyes a full minute, in utter, dumb astonishment.

"To whom have you been complaining about your not having pockets?" she demanded, when she could speak.

"To nobody, Aunt Jane. I never let a soul know. I—was ashamed."

And she knew that this, too, was true.

After taking a long time in which to become composed, and to think the matter over, she found herself so far from any possible solution of

the matter that she was half-disposed to accept Johnny's explanation as the only one.

"At any rate, it's no use to make a fuss over anything you can't locate," she said, one evening, half to herself, as she was re-examining the mysterious pockets. "These pockets are good drilling, and they're put in strong and neat enough, but this work is no tailor's manipulation!"

"If—if a fairy godmother did it, it would be *woman* manipulation, would n't it, Aunt Jane?" said Johnny. "And that's a longer word still."



MOTHER'S HIRED MAN.

BY F. M. BAKER.

THERE out by the sand-heap, his barrow fast filling,
Working away just as hard as he can,
Working for wages,—a sweet sugar shilling
Or bright Yankee sixpence,—is Mother's hired man.

He is making a mole-hill, but calls it a mountain,—
Not a very rare thing since this world first began,—
"Guess I'll call it a cake, and then pebbles I'll count in,
One, two, six, nine plums, all for Mother's hired man.

"Oh, no, it's a nest, now, and these are my eggies;
I'm a bird, and I'll hatch 'em all out if I can;
I'll try,—no, I won't,—for it tires my poor leggies,
An' I can't be a bird, 'cause I'm Mother's hired man.

"Hired men take a rest, when they're tired, where it's shady:
I guesses I'm tired, so I'll rest just like Dan."
When Mother called "Willie," and searched, anxious lady,
Fast asleep near his sand-heap she found her hired man.

A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR STREET CHILDREN.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

ONCE upon a time, at exactly the right moment, a happy thought came into the head of a man. A visitor of this sort is always a pleasant guest, but the man was not satisfied to regard it as a mere thought, so he set his brains the task of working it out into a plan of the most practical sort.

Like the heroes of fairy stories, he had three things to do before he could succeed, each one harder than the last.

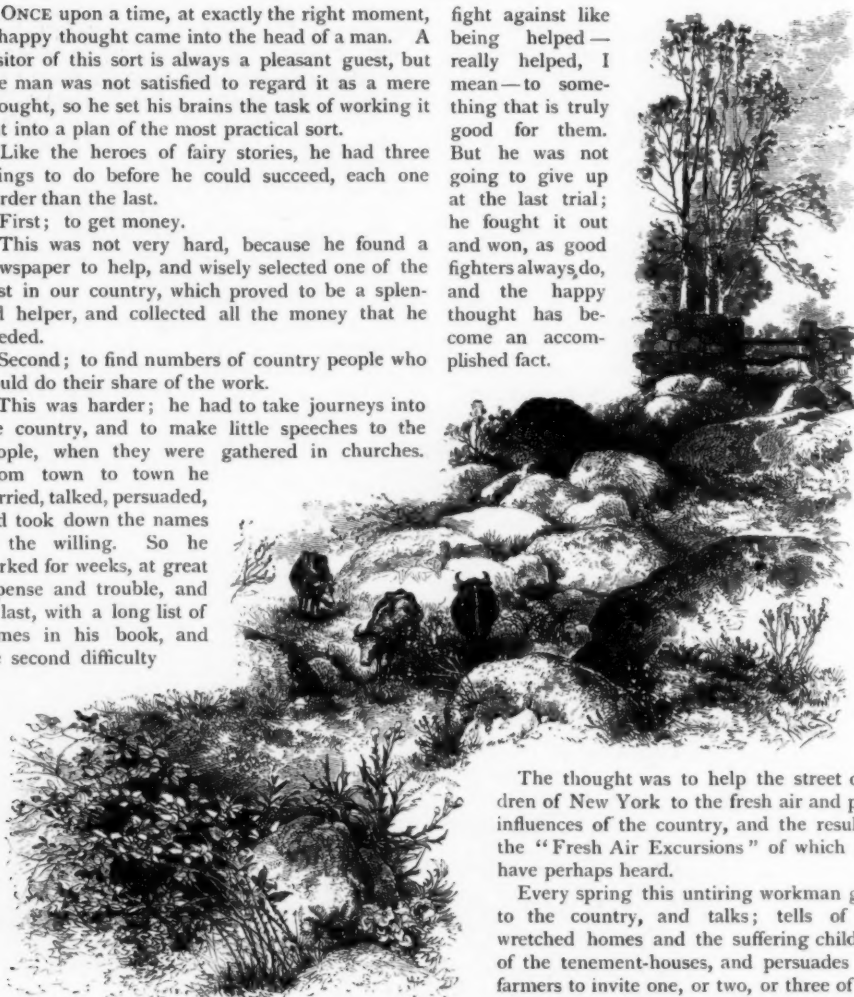
First; to get money.

This was not very hard, because he found a newspaper to help, and wisely selected one of the best in our country, which proved to be a splendid helper, and collected all the money that he needed.

Second; to find numbers of country people who would do their share of the work.

This was harder; he had to take journeys into the country, and to make little speeches to the people, when they were gathered in churches. From town to town he hurried, talked, persuaded, and took down the names of the willing. So he worked for weeks, at great expense and trouble, and at last, with a long list of names in his book, and the second difficulty

fight against like being helped — really helped, I mean — to something that is truly good for them. But he was not going to give up at the last trial; he fought it out and won, as good fighters always do, and the happy thought has become an accomplished fact.



A HILL-SIDE PASTURE.

vanquished, he went back to the city to work as eagerly for the

Third; the consent of the people whom alone the plan was to benefit.

This was hardest of all, for it 's a queer thing—but it 's true—that there is nothing most people will

mother-hearted farmers' wives respond heartily; he fills his book with invitations, and then returns to the city.

After the first hard fight with the ignorance and suspicion of the poor parents, he had no trouble with them. The battle—though severe—was never

The thought was to help the street children of New York to the fresh air and pure influences of the country, and the result is the "Fresh Air Excursions" of which you have perhaps heard.

Every spring this untiring workman goes to the country, and talks; tells of the wretched homes and the suffering children of the tenement-houses, and persuades the farmers to invite one, or two, or three of the unhappy creatures to spend two weeks at their homes. The generous farmers and the

revived. When they found that their children were invited, not to work but to play, not to be stolen but to be safely returned, not to be hurt but to be wonderfully benefited by the trip, they were only too glad to let them go. He sends to the mission-schools, and to charitable people who know the poor, and gets the names of those who need the fresh air, the *Evening Post* calls for gifts of money from the happier classes, and on the first of July the excursions begin.

Twice a week, through July and August, a large party goes out of the hot city to some station in a delightful country neighborhood, usually in New York State, where the children are scattered among their kind hosts, and two weeks later they are safely returned to the same station, and delivered well and sound to their parents at home.

It is a strange procession that starts out on one of these excursions; children, from babies to twelve-year-olds, but no laughing and talking, no bright eyes and dancing feet. Life has been hard to these youngsters, and it is a silent, unchildish crowd, blindly obeying every word of authority, questioning nothing, hoping nothing.

Every child has, evidently, been treated to a severe course of soap and water, and provided by mission ladies with clean clothes, and every child has a bundle to which it clings for dear life; some done up in handkerchiefs, in old shawls, and in newspapers; some in worn-out valises, some in satchels that will not hold together, and all in a straggling, coming-to-pieces condition. They are

shrieking across green fields, and trees begin to appear, and pretty white houses, a change comes



SUNSET BY THE RIVER.

on. Faces brighten, eyes look interested, tongues loosen, and every window is full of heads; though some look dubious, as if they feared, after all, the shrieking engine might prove a dreadful ogre



THE COUNTRY FORD.

packed—bundles and all—into a car, oftenest in the Erie Railroad station, and the train starts.

As it leaves the dingy town behind, and goes

to drag them away from home and mother, while others are plainly awed by the size of the strange world they have come into.

Not all the passengers are children: here 's a girl of eighteen, who went out last summer, in almost the last stages of consumption (as was supposed), sent by her father, who with difficulty scraped together ten dollars, and begged to have her taken, though he supposed she would die. She was left



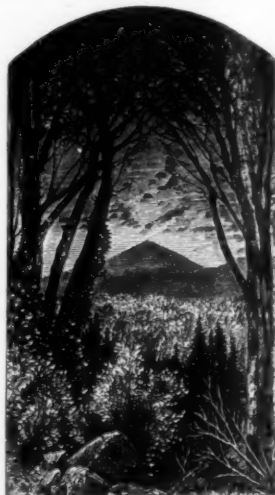
THE BROOK.

with a family, to be kept as long as the money would pay her board, but they became interested, invited her to stay till Christmas, and sent her home well

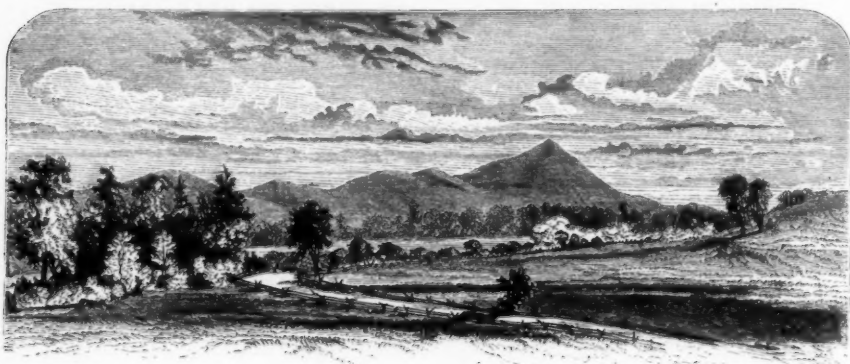
Here, also, is a mother with four small children, who was found starving a few days ago, and is now going out to get strong again, and another,—a worn-out sewing-woman who never rode in cars before, and who is in deadly terror of "falling to pieces" when the train starts. She crouches in a heap on the floor till placed in a seat, where she holds on for her life, clutching the window-sill on one side, and the hand of a friend on the other. These grown-ups are taken at the expense of some of the mission-schools; only children partake of the Fresh Air Fund.

Many stories might be told of restored health and renewed life; and every one of that sad car-load could tell of want, of cold and hunger, of sickness and sorrow. But they have left all this behind in the city.

By the time the roll is called, and every child found to answer to a name in the book, and the bundles are all done up and properly secured, and



A GLIMPSE OVER THE VALLEY.



THE VALLEY.

and strong. Now she is going again, with her little sister, by their invitation, to spend the summer.

the last crumb devoured of the lunch they brought from home,—queer food, too: black bread, tough

chunks of cake, and (would you believe it?) candy, —they reach a pleasant station, where a curious crowd fills the platform, each person provided with a large basket.

The train stops and the strangers board the car, fill the aisle, and open their baskets. A delighted "O-o-oh!" goes up from two hundred small lips at the sight: sandwiches,—honest ones, too; gingerbread and cake,—light and sweet; fruit,—fresh and delicious; everything nice that a child can desire. Every little hand and mouth is filled, and

poor street-child for flowers is truly pathetic, and well known to the ladies of the Flower Mission. Bread and meat were good, and heartily welcome, but the flowers are the first sweetness of the country,—the flowers go to the heart.

The hours pass on, the station is reached; rows of country vehicles stand outside, and crowds of waiting people on the platform. Bundles are gathered up, hats put on, shoes fastened, pins adjusted, strings tied, and the motley procession forms. They march out of the car, and then begins a curious scene. A sort of friendly scramble takes place, and the manager has a raging

fury of business. Children are hastily picked out, the worst-looking ones first, and packed into wagons or led away by the hand, and in a short time he stands alone, his stock in trade

all disposed of, driven away or led away by happy-looking country people.

As for the children, for them begins a new life.

THE BOY IS LUCKY WHO VISITS HERE.

Fresh air, plenty of food of the sweet country sort, green grass, trees, fruits, milk, and flowers everywhere. Hear what they say; read these extracts from their letters home (spelling and all).

This one, you see, is having a nice time:

"DEAR MAMA:—We are having a nice time, we have to rabbits here, and we play with them every day, and we have a nice time, and once we went carriage riding and picked choke cherries, and we had a nice time, and we're having a real nice time."

Another one says, in mild surprise:

"I do not need to work. I only have to play. We go out with a carriage and a horse on it."

Another little innocent says:

"They have such pretty weeds here, they look like nice flowers. I love the country, the long grass is so nice and cool for my feet."

many pinched stomachs are comforted before the baskets are empty and the train goes on its way.

A few miles further, and another

kind-hearted party boards the train. This time it is flowers, and each child is made absolutely blessed by a bouquet,—a real, sweet-smelling bunch of country flowers,—something which they have all their lives wanted, and perhaps never before possessed. The intense love of a





"WE CAN ACCOMMODATE ONE OR TWO."

Says a third,—an open-eyed little observer,—

"We went to church in a carriage, but the horses stayed outside."

"We have Christmas trees all around the house,"

says an overjoyed youngster.

"I love the country, and I have enough to eat,"

is the burden of many of the letters. Perhaps the gem of all, for its simple statement of the whole case, is this :

"It is beautiful, it is splendid, it is delightful, it is refreshing, it is grand, it is clean, and it is not cold, and the people seem very nice, and you will have plenty good milk for the children. There is no rough people, no scum of the city."

Meanwhile they are out romping in the fields, they go after berries, they gather fruit, they sleep soundly, they drive cows, they learn to milk, and they eat all they want. They are so busy with the new things and the new life around them, that they have no temptation to be mischievous ; being only one or two together, they do not carry their city life with them, but are absorbed into country life, and learn country ways, which is one of the benefits of this charity. The influences around them are good, and pure, and sweet, and they grow better in conduct, as well as in health, every hour.

Leave them to their delights ; another crowd waits at the next station to return. Ah ! these are *like* children ; merry, chattering, laughing, shouting, red cheeks, bright eyes, plump limbs—are these the limp, stolid youngsters of two weeks ago—these cheerful boys and girls, in new clothes, loaded down with country kindness ?

The parting with their hosts is touching to see. It is "Pa" and "Ma," and "my boy," and "my

girl," between most of them ; there are kind messages, as "My boy has n't been a bit of trouble," and "I got really attached to my girl, and wish I could afford to keep her always. Please bring her to me next year." "It rained the first day the girls came," says one pleasant farmer's wife, "but they would n't stay in the house a minute ; they ran out and gathered green leaves to press, and they 've got about a bushel to take home. They acted as if they were crazy, and you 'd laugh to see them walk in the grass, lifting their feet high at every step. They never saw any before, I guess."

Here comes a kind-faced woman with a basket of flowers, tied up in little bunches ; sweet country blossoms, bachelor's-button, sweet-peas, phlox, mignonette. Each eager hand, though already full, is held out for one, and at last the basket is empty.

Now comes the train, Conductor Jim—the children's kind friend—waves his hand, and away they go.

How different from the silent crowd that went out ! They laugh, they eat apples, they display presents of dimes which "he gave," and trinkets which "she had when she was a little girl" ; they show in every word and look that they have received something besides fresh air and food and gifts—some of the sweetness of country life has come into their hearts ; they are better, morally as well as physically ; they can never be quite the same as before.

"Wont you be glad to get home?" you ask of one.

"Well, kinder ; I 'd like to go home just one day, and then go back for always."

We thought the children were loaded on coming out, but returning, the bundles were more than doubled; big bags of apples, boxes with pigeons, bundles of new clothes, bunches of mint and "garden stuff," baskets of food, boxes with hens, flour-bags full of treasures, plants in pots and boxes, and every pocket and every corner stuffed with apples. They speak of the good beds and the fun they had, the rides, the berrying, and one and all announce their intention to go back to stay.

After a long ride the train comes into the New York station. Children are aroused from the hundred positions in which they were sleeping; packages are gathered together, and the procession is formed once more. They march to the place where parents have been told to be ready to take their children home.

How many do you suppose appreciate the kindness enough to spare the benefactor the task of getting them home at half-past ten at night?

Alas for them! *Not one!*

At that hour, the worn-out, patient gentleman finds himself with one hundred and ten children, living in nearly a hundred and ten different parts of the city and of Brooklyn, and all too young to go alone.

But the work is before him; he does it,—as he has worked from the first. Every child, with all its

bundles, boxes, bags and dead flowers, is delivered safely at the wretched place it calls home, richer, happier, better than in its life before.

In 1879, nearly twenty-five hundred children enjoyed these excursions, and five thousand dollars were given—mostly in small sums—to pay fares, which, by the generosity of railroad and steamer companies, were greatly reduced.

The success has been wonderful, but the whole thing nearly failed because of one little thing,—the children would "brag." Would you believe that a youngster, whose father drove a street-car, would talk of "father's carriage, and stable full of horses?" or that another, living in the attic of a dreadful tenement-house, would say that she lived in a bigger house than her entertainer's, "a four-story brick, with water on every floor?"

Well, they did. Kind farmers, working for charity, were offended, and made complaint. The matter was explained, the children lectured on the sin of bragging, and that rock was happily passed.

How can they thank the man who has done all this, better than in the words of Christian to Mr. Greatheart: "You have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counseling of us, that we shall never forget your favor toward us."



A VIEW WHICH CITY CHILDREN WOULD REMEMBER.

THE PET NAME.

THERE was an old farmer of Squarm
Who called his wife nothing but Marm.
She said, "It sounds queer,
But if you like it, dear,
I like it; so where is the harm?"

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. Nos. V. & VI.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.



THE BYE-BYE.

I DARE SAY you have never heard of the bye-bye, or rope-tailed ape. I never believed in it myself until my third expedition inland. You must know that, as general agent of the Metropolitan Feather Company for North-western Africa, I was often obliged to travel into the interior.

We were over a hundred miles away from the Company's trading-post, when one day what seemed to be a lame monkey, pursued by a panther, crossed our path a good way in advance. The monkey was trailing a long

twenty feet from the ground. Halting there, it faced its pursuer with a look of mild despair.

This appeared to please the panther. At least, he quickened his pace, and was soon within a few rods of his prey, when the rope before alluded to began to rise rapidly from the ground. "Excelsior" seemed to be the motto of the erectile rope, which, I now perceived, was really the monkey's tail. Up and up it went, like Jack's bean-stalk; higher and higher it mounted up the trunk. In a few seconds its end was twenty feet in the air, and was coiling around the first branch of the palm!

Then the ape began ascending its own tail, hand over hand, with great agility, until it reached the branch. Safely seated there, it gazed forgivingly at its baffled enemy, only muttering now and then the strange ejaculation to which it owes its name: "Bye-bye! Bye-bye! Bye-bye!"

No. VI.

THE "HOWIS DATFORHI."

THE second time I was at Goalonga, a lovely oasis not marked on any map (I fancy no white man's foot had ever rested there before), —

"Were n't you a white man the first time you were there?" you may ask.

Perhaps so, but I did n't happen to get out of my balloon on that occasion, I must reply. And, to resume, the second time I was at Goalonga, I saw the Howis Datforhi, as the natives call it, or River Kangaroo (*Macropus Fluvialis*). The forte of the river kangaroo, as of his tribe generally, is leaping. He can beat the great kangaroo of Australia at long jumps, while at high jumps he can lick any living thing except the cow that jumped over the moon, and Macbeth, who was prepared to

chain or rope behind it, and hobbled on with seeming difficulty till it reached a tall, smooth-trunked palm, with not a branch lower than

"jump the life to come." But the animal soon tires, and, when overtaken by a beast of prey away from a stream, he speedily falls a victim nowadays.



But the lions and panthers are more knowing than they used to be. When the river kangaroo is tired out and overtaken, he tries to baffle his pursuer by a series of springs, about a hundred feet high. These give him less labor than long jumps, for the balls of his feet are more elastic and rebound better than the liveliest India-rubber ball. He is obliged to exert his muscles afresh only once in about twenty ascents: the other nineteen are nothing but rebounds. The twentieth jump is, of

course, the highest, and it is then that he utters a curious cry, very much resembling his native name, "Howis Datforhi."

The blacks say that carnivorous animals did not know how to deal with the river kangaroo, when thus at bay. It was vain to place themselves beneath his descending body, for, whatever part of their backs or heads he touched first with his elastic feet, off he bounded quite far enough to enable him to launch himself upward again, and commence a new set of springs. In fact, the beasts of prey who chased this strange animal only exposed themselves to kicks for nothing.

Now, the lions, at least, know how to catch the river kangaroo, when they surprise him far from water. I myself saw the finish of an exciting chase, when the hunted animal, wearied of forward jumping, waited for the lion to come up and then began his old tactics. After watching his wonderful bounds for some time with apparent interest, the lion suddenly sprang to one side, guessing correctly the spot where his victim would reach the ground. There he turned upon his back, and, with his four paws in the air, awaited the doomed kangaroo, which he caught as neatly as if he were the

catcher of a champion Nine. There was no rebounding from that grip!

"But how is the river kangaroo better off beside water?" you may ask.

Why, he jumps across the river, to be sure, and has lots of time to rest while his enemy is swimming it. Then he jumps back again. He can keep this game up all day, and seems rather to enjoy it. In fact, young and adventurous Howis Datforhis go a little away from the banks

to try and tempt some ferocious animal to chase them, just for the fun of disappointing it.

But, perhaps you may remark that you never heard of kangaroos out of Australia. And it *does* puzzle me how the beast can have got into Africa. The blacks have a ridiculous fable that, ages ago, two gigantic Howis Datforhis leaped across the sea from some foreign land. But, of course, such bounds as these are beyond the bounds of human faith. I can only vouch for what I saw myself.

WHY THE BLACK CAT WINKED.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"It do be a bitter night, Micky, wid the thermometer down that far they'll have to pry it up wid a crow-bar. Misther Jinnings, in the company's store beyant, is jist afther tellin' me. An' it's better have all the pipe-lines in Clarion county freeze than ye! An' up on the top o' that high hill, where the wind makes a clane swape, it'll be afther cruddlin' the blood in your veins! Sure, Micky darlint, I'd not go at all, at all."

"I'm afther promisin' the master that I'd help kape the fires the night, an' it's not that mane-spirited I'd be to back out o' me wordd for a thrifle o' cowld."

And Micky, who was only a little fellow in spite of his fifteen years, drew himself up to his full height, and looked as manly as possible.

"Sure, I'd think Misther Ludlow'd have more compashin than til ask ye, whin it's not shtrong ye are, an' the only bye iv a poor, lone widdy," Mrs. McGlincy went on.

"I do be as shstrong an' hairy as anny o' the byes, an' I wish ye'd not always be sayin' it's wakenly I am, an' shamin' me," said Micky, with much feeling.

"If ye were but that big an' hairy as Biddy, now!"

And Mrs. McGlincy looked with affectionate pride at her eldest daughter, who was tramping vigorously through the yard with a heavy bucket in each hand, carrying their evening meal to two "foine pigs," whose expectant gruntings sounded from afar.

"Hear the vice in her now—that shstrong an' musical! It's only a wake little whisper ye have beside it, Micky," pursued Mrs. McGlincy, as Biddy, evidently irritated at the persistent clamor of her charges, called out:

"Whist, now, ye bastes! Howld your tongues, will ye?—an' me com'n' til ye as fast as iver I can."

Biddy had a thin calico dress on, her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her head was bare, but she did not seem to feel the cold in the least.

"Now, if 't was Biddy goin' to kape watch o' the fires I'd not be afraid she'd be afther freezin'," said Mrs. McGlincy.

"It's not afther hirin' girrls they are," said Micky, scornfully. "An' it's nobody but ye thinks me wakenly. An' may be it's as good as a girrl ye'll think I am, some day." And Micky buttoned his coat, and tied his scarf on with great dignity.

"Och, now, Micky, me darlint, it's not gittin' vexed ye are wid the owld mother that would give the two eyes out iv her head for ye? Sure, do ye s'pose I don't know that there don't be so smairt a bye in the country, let alone qui't an' dacent? An' do ye s'pose I'm not afther remimberin' whin the sthrike was, two years ago agin April, how ye stud up, an' ye a little felly, amongst all the men, that was that mad they threatened to shoot ye, an' spoke a good wordd for the master? An' don't I mind whin the bridge tuk ye off, wid itself, in the big freshet, an' ye bringin' the three foine little pigs from Danny Casey, how everybody said ye were that brave and smairt 't was a wondther, an' ye afther bringin' wan foine little pig home all safe and sound, let alone yourself?—an' by the same token it's the descindants o' that same foine little pig that's now atin' their supper in the pin beyant. An' don't I mind —"

"I'll be go'n' now, mother," said Micky, who looked more shame-faced, now, at hearing his heroic deeds recounted, than when he was called "wakenly." "An' sure you need n't be frettin', for the fires'll be afther kapin' me warm."

And with a motherly hug, and a repetition of the plaint that she was "a poor, lone widdy, and he her only bye," Mrs. McGlincy was forced to let him go.

The pipe-lines, as they were called, were pipes extending sometimes for many miles over hill and dale, transporting the oil from the wells, where it was "struck," to the great tanks, near the railroad. In extremely cold weather, fires were built beside the pipe, at intervals, to keep the oil from freezing; and the fires had to be watched and fed all through the night. Mr. Ludlow, the superintendent of the iron-mills where Micky worked, was interested in the oil business, also; and he, knowing Micky to be faithful, had hired him to take the place of a man who was prevented by illness from serving. And Micky felt flattered, as all the other watchers were men, and thought it would be only good fun to tend the fires all night, though the weather was cold.

Biddy came in with her empty buckets, her hands and arms the color of a boiled lobster.

"The tips o' me ears an' the tip o' me nose feels frosty-like, but it don't be that cold as they says!" said she. "Sure, it'll no do harm to Micky, but toughen him, like."

"I hope it's not the onfalnin' hairt ye have, Bid-

dy, but ye 're that strong and hairty yerself, that ye don't seem to ondherstand how wakely Micky do be, an' how the murtherin' cowl'd 'll take howld iv him!" said her mother.

"It's not a chick or a young gosling he is, to be kilt wid a thrifle o' cowl'd like this," said Biddy, as she proceeded to feed Tam, the great black cat, who was only second to the pigs in her regards.

But after her mother had thrown her apron over her head, and run into Honora Cassidy's, next door, to ease her mind with a bit of gossip, Biddy kept going to the window and scraping away the frost, with which it was thickly covered, though there was a hot fire in the little room, looking out with an expression of anxiety which did not seem at all at home on her fat, round face, with its turn-up nose and merry blue eyes. She seemed to be trying to see how cold it was.

"It do be orrifle cowl'd! Though I'd not let on to the mother, that's frettin' the hairt out iv her a'ready. I wish it's me they'd take to mind fires, in place o' Micky."

Meantime, "wakely" Micky was trudging cheerfully along on his way to Sugar Hill, where his fires were to be built and taken care of. There was a new moon, and the stars were beginning to shine brightly out through the far-away darkness overhead. Micky had had a good, hot supper, he was warmly clothed, he walked fast, he whistled "St. Patrick's Day," and did n't care a fig for the cold. Already fires were blazing like beacons from the hills around, looking as if they were trying to rival the flames that went up from the great chimneys of the iron-mills, and made all the landscape as light as day. This was the first time that fires had been lighted along the pipe-line for the winter, and it was now late in January, but Jack Frost seemed determined to make up now for the long mildness of his reign. Micky hurried. It seemed to him that it grew colder every moment, and he was afraid the oil would freeze in the pipes on Sugar Hill before he got his fires built.

The wood was there, ready for use, and in a twinkling Micky had a fire which could hold its own with any along the line. And oh, how good it was to warm his stiffened fingers by it! On Beech Knoll, a quarter of a mile away, he had to build another fire, and he was to keep those two fires burning until daylight.

"An aisy job it do be, an' a dollar an' a quarter for it!" said Micky to himself, with great delight.

Ah, Micky! It is only a little past six o'clock now, and it will not be daylight until after six to-morrow morning. Micky sat down beside his Sugar Hill fire, and thought how comfortable and warm it was. But before he had sat there long he

began to be conscious that, although his face and hands were warm, there was a keen, cold wind at his back; beside that roaring fire he was becoming chilled and stiffened with the cold! He got up and ran, as fast as he could, over to the brow of another hill, where Gottlieb Meisel, a jolly old German fiddler, was tending a fire. Gottlieb was highly valued as a fire-tender, because, being accustomed to sitting up all night at balls and parties, he never fell asleep at his post. He had his fiddle with him now, and was scraping away at it; but the cold seemed to have affected the strings,—a dismal screeching sounded through all the merry jigs.

"She has vun very bad catarrh, and her heart is also mit de cold broken! Dance ve, or ve vill be frozen, too!" said the old German. So they spun away nimbly around the fire, Gottlieb still scraping away at his fiddle; and a very funny sight it must have been, if there had been anybody to see! The dance warmed Micky and revived his spirits, which had begun to droop a little.

About midnight Gottlieb returned Micky's call, but then poor Micky was thoroughly chilled, and was having a desperate struggle to keep himself awake; and Gottlieb did not seem to have sufficient spirit to dance, but he solaced himself with his pipe, and told Micky funny stories, which helped to keep him awake.

But after Gottlieb went back, then came Micky's tug of war. He did not dare to sit still for ten minutes, because he knew he should fall fast asleep if he did. He had to walk, backward and forward, between his two fires,—he was too numb and stiff to run,—and oh, how slowly the minutes dragged by! He had never been awake all night before in his life. "Why did nobody iver tell me that it's a whole wake long the nights is!" he said to himself, over and over again.

And the cold was like nothing he had ever known before. He began to think his mother was right: the blood was almost "cruddled in his veins."

The moon was wading through masses of white clouds, that Micky thought looked exactly like snow-drifts, and the stars sparkled like little points of ice.

"The whole worrld an' the sky do be freez'n'," thought Micky. And then he thought nothing more, until a violent shaking aroused him, and there was old Gottlieb standing over him, and telling him to hurry home, or he would die of cold and want of sleep; that it was almost five o'clock, and he would take care of his fires until daylight.

Micky, feeling terribly ashamed that he had gone to sleep and let his fire go almost out, declared that he was not so "wake-haired" as to leave his post

for the cold and "a thrifle o' slape in his eyes," but when Gottlieb insisted, he had not strength to refuse. He started for home, Gottlieb trying to thoroughly awaken him and arouse his spirits by coaxing from his "heart-broken" fiddle the lively strains of "The Campbells are coming."



THE CAT WINKS AT BIDDY.

But even that was of no avail. Micky stumbled as he walked, and felt a strange, dreadful stupor creeping over him which he could not resist.

"I'll niver get home, niver!" he cried.

Mrs. McGlinty slept but little that night, her thoughts being with her "bye" out on the bleak hill-top, in the freezing night; and she and Biddy were up betimes in the morning, making a "rousing" fire, and getting a nice hot breakfast—crisp sausages and mealy, baked potatoes, and the "cup o' tay" that Micky liked as well as his mother. But six o'clock came; seven, eight o'clock, and no Micky! By that time Mrs. McGlinty was running around the neighborhood with only her apron over her head, asking everybody if they had heard or seen anything of Micky. Nobody had. Biddy ran every step of the two miles to Sugar Hill, but there was nobody there to give her any tidings of Micky. The sun was shining brightly, the weather was growing warmer, and the fires had all been allowed to go out. Then she went to Gottlieb Meisel's house. She knew that he was one of the fire-tenders, and he and Micky were always great friends. When Gottlieb was thoroughly awakened

from the sound sleep which he was enjoying after his long night-watch, he told Biddy that he had sent Micky home before five o'clock, and had seen him start off in a very cold and sleepy condition.

"Wheriver in the wide worl'd did the poor bye go, an' him kilt wid the cowl'd an' the slape in his eyes!" cried Biddy. "May be it's in at Patrick Casey's or Danny Reardon's he stopped, an' him not able to get home."

And away ran Biddy to continue her search. Very soon a dozen of the neighbors had joined in it; but though they sought far and near, not a trace of Micky was to be found. By nightfall most of them had settled down to the belief that Micky had run away. To be sure, that did not seem in the least like Micky, who was a "qui't, dacent, hard-workin' bye," and a great favorite in the mill with both master and men. But what other possible solution was

there of the mystery of his strange disappearance?

It was only when the darkness of night came down upon them that Mrs. McGlinty and Biddy returned home. The small McGlintys—Patsy and Johnny, Katie and little Bartholomew—had been left to their own devices all day, and had enjoyed unlimited dirt, quarreling and general mischief. Biddy seized them, scrubbed them vigorously, combed their hair, and gave them their supper. It was not Biddy's way to sit down and weep, however heavy her heart might be. Mrs. McGlinty swallowed a "cup o' tay," and then went off again, to seek consolation by talking her woes over with the neighbors. The house seemed "that dark and lonesome that she could na 'bide it." Biddy, having sent all the children to bed, sat down before the fire, and studied the blazing coals, as if she could get them to tell her what had become of Micky.

Tam, the great black cat, sat on the wood-box, with Micky's old coat under him for a cushion. Tam liked something soft under his old bones, and seemed to have a particular fondness for anything that was Micky's. He had been Micky's especial pet and property ever since the cold winter

night, seven years before, when he had come to the door, a very small, stray kitten, lean, and lank, and shrill-voiced, and Micky had taken him into his own bed, and shared his supper with him. He seemed, then, a very subdued and serious-minded kitten, but it soon proved that that appearance was only the effect of early hardships. Under the genial influences of warmth and good living, he developed into a round, black, fluffy ball of a kitten, which seemed to be the embodied spirit of mischief. He dipped into every milk-pan in the neighborhood, ate out the middle of all the squash pies, and helped himself to steaks and chops out of the butcher's wagon. He killed all the chickens in the little town, and the widow Casey's canary-bird. He tore up everything that came in his way, with his sharp little white teeth, like a dog. He whipped dogs twice as large as himself, so that they dropped their tails between their legs and slunk away when they saw him coming. Dick Ludlow, the superintendent's son, named him Tam o' Shanter, and as Tam he was known all over the neighborhood. Every day his life was threatened, either by Mrs. McGlenty, who declared he was "Owld Nick himself," or by some angry neighbor on whom he had played his pranks; but Micky was never off his guard. Nothing should happen to Tam while he could help it; upon that he was resolved. He took all his savings to pay for the chickens that Tam caught, and more than once he protected Tam's life at the risk of bodily injury to himself. Now "cathood, with careful mind," had come to Tam; he had forgotten his kittenish pranks; he had grown to an enormous size, and acquired great dignity of manner. But the neighbors still shook their heads over him, declaring that he had "quare ways for a cat," and there were some who did not scruple to assert their belief that he was "a witch." Mrs. McGlenty herself said that he was "wiser than a Christian, an' could tell forchins if he chose."

Certain it is that Tam knew enough to be grateful, so perhaps he was wiser than some Christians.

On this night, while Biddy looked into the fire, Tam sat on Micky's coat, staring straight at her.

"Oh, Tam, ye're that wise, an' some o' them says ye're a witch! Can't ye be afther tellin' where Micky do be?"

Tam looked straight at her with his great yellow eyes, and uttered a piteous howl.

"He don't be throwed in the river, for the ice is that thick the teams is go'n' over. He don't be anny place in the mill, nor in annybody's house. Micky 'd niver run away!—that do be foolishness. It's dead he must be, or he'd come home til us."

Tam got off the wood-box, and sat down at Biddy's feet and looked up in her face.

"He do act quare," said Biddy to herself. "But he do be lonesome after Micky. O Micky! Wheriver are ye? It's not gone to see an oil-well he is; there don't be anny new one. It's not in the mines he is, for sure he'd come home from there. There do be the owld mine at the fut of Sugar Hill; sure, it's in there he might have gone to get warm."

Tam winked his right eye,—winked eagerly, yet with a sort of deliberation.

"The saints be good til us! If iver I seen a cat wink!" cried Biddy. "Tam, is it a witch ye are, an' are ye mainin' that Micky do be in the owld mine? But what would kape him from comin' home?"

Tam jumped into Biddy's lap, looked her straight in the eyes, and winked again, solemnly!

Biddy crossed herself, devoutly.

"If it's a witch he is, he'll fly out through the windy, now," she said.

But, instead of "flying through the windy," Tam winked again, three times with the same eye.

"I can't stand it any longer!" cried Biddy, jumping up. "Sure it'll do no harm to go up til the owld mine!" And, hastily throwing on her shawl and hood, Biddy started, on the run, for the old mine, which ran into the heart of Sugar Hill. "It do be always warm in the mines, an' him kilt wid the cowl, poor bye, an' he'd not mind that it don't be safe, wid the props broke an' it likely to cave in anny place. He don't niver be afear of annythin', Micky don't!"

And Biddy's heart stood still with fear, as she remembered that everybody had been warned not to go into the old mine, and that it would be like Micky to go, if he wanted to, in spite of the warning.

The weather was much warmer, and there were no fires along the pipe-line. The sky was overcast, and only the fires from the iron-mills showed Biddy her way. She reached the little hollow scooped out between the hills, where the entrance to the old mine was. The hearts of all the hills held treasures of iron or coal, and the mines were only long tunnels leading straight into their hearts. Biddy knew the old mine well. She stepped inside the little square entrance, and lighted the little miner's lamp which had been her father's, and which she had, fortunately, not forgotten to bring.

The air inside the mine seemed warm and damp, like that of a hot-house. The timbers over Biddy's head seemed, many of them, on the point of falling, and, where they had fallen, masses of loosened rock and earth seemed only kept from crashing down by some invisible hand. A track was laid in the mine, just wide enough for the little drays, drawn by donkeys, which carried out the ore; and

along the narrow rails Biddy had to pick her way, the mud and water were so deep on either side.

She called, "Micky! Micky!" as loud as she could; and only the echoes answered.

"Micky 'd niver come in this dthirty place, an' it's the fool I am to come, all along iv a cat's winkin'—but, indade, it's that knowin' the baste looked! I'll be afther goin' a thrifle farther," she said to herself. But a few steps farther brought Biddy to a sudden stop. There had been a fall of stones and earth, and the passage was completely

She called again. Her lungs were sound, and this shout would have awakened every one of the Seven Sleepers.

"Here! Here! Help! O help!" answered a voice from beyond the barrier—Micky's voice.

"Kape up yer hairt, Micky darlint!" Biddy uttered that one shout, every word of which must have reached Micky's ears, and then she started to run for help.

No picking her way now! Biddy dashed and splashed through water and mire, scarcely conscious



DANCING WARMS YOU UP BETTER THAN SHIVERING. [PAGE 810.]

filled! Biddy's experienced eye told her that it was a recent fall, and she remembered that the miners said such accidents were more common in cold weather. Was Micky buried under it? The thought made poor Biddy sick and faint, but she had strength for one despairing cry: "Micky! O Micky!"

Did a faint, far-away voice answer her? Or was it only an echo from the tunnel behind her?

that she was wet to the knees. Not far off lived Patrick Casey and Danny Reardon, good friends of the McGlintys—as, indeed, was everybody in the town. In a very short space of time their strong arms were digging a passage-way to Micky's prison. They had to work carefully, lest any jarring should bring another avalanche down upon them. A small opening was enough for Micky to crawl through, and he was soon free. Haggard and

worn, as if with months of illness, his face looked, as the light of Biddy's lamp fell upon it. He had gone in to get warm, and had dropped down and fallen asleep on the first dry spot of ground. The mine had "caved in" only a few feet from where he lay, and the crash had awakened him. He had spent but one day in his awful prison; it seemed to him a week.

Great were the rejoicings at the "Widdy McGlinty's." And Tam sat, in deep content, on Micky's knee, and Biddy told the neighbors about his winking when she had mentioned the old mine, and that she should never have gone but for that. And they all looked with great awe at Tam, and the Widow Lannigan shook her head solemnly, and called upon the whole company to witness that she had always said Tam was a witch.

And while they were all talking about him, Tam looked up into Micky's face, and winked again,

solemnly. Then up spoke Patsy McGlinty, a red-haired little Irishman of nine years, who had crawled out of bed to grace the festive scene.

"He do be wink'n', an' wink'n', all day, iver since Katie poured the bucket o' slack over him!"

Now, "slack" is coal-dust, and could not have been a grateful shower-bath to poor Tam.

"It's a big piece o' coal do be in his eye!" cried Micky. And with "as much sinse as a Christian," Tam let Micky get the coal out.

"Av coorse it was the bit o' coal made him wink, the poor baste," said one of the men; and the witch theory seemed to be generally abandoned. But not by the Widow Lannigan. She said, with many solemn head-shakings: "Yez can say what yez plaze, he was niver a right cat."

And Biddy, too, always had a doubt whether or not it was only the bit of coal that made Tam wink.



COMBINING PLEASURE WITH DUTY.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOY ALLISON.

A WOODMAN lived in a forest wild ;

He was poor as poor could be—

His only treasure a maiden child.

Bonny and brave was she,

And she kept his hearth all warm and bright,

And welcomed him home with a kiss at night.

Three robbers passed through the lonely wood,

They stopped at the cottage door.

"My fair little maid, now give us food."

Said she, "I have no more

Than a cup of tea and an oaten cake,

And Father his supper of that must make."

"Go, bring us quickly the oaten cake,

And bring us the cup of tea.

We're weary and hungry," the robbers spake,—

"'T will be little enough for three."

"But Father," she said, "has toiled all day ;

I cannot give his supper away."

The robbers laughed both loud and long ;

"A plucky lass!" they said.

"But give us a kiss, and we'll be gone,

And leave you the oaten bread."

"Nay! That," she said, "I cannot do:

I keep my kisses for Father, too!"

"We could swoop you up, my little maid,—

You and your oaten cake,

And carry you off!—Are you not afraid?—

Where none could overtake."

Her cheek grew white with a hidden fear:

"I know," she said,—“but God is here!"

The father came, with the set of sun,

Home to his cottage door.

"I am hungry and tired, my little one ;

What hast thou for me in store?"

"Supper is ready! Give thanks!" said she;

"We have oaten bread, and a cup of tea."

A LITTLE WAVE'S HISTORY.

BY T. C. H.

"TELL us a story about what you've seen this summer!"

Five little folk grouped about me before an open wood-fire, at the close of an October day of wind and snow, and I, the victim of the above demand, was lying on the rug, ready to be amused and entertained.

"Must I tell the story after all? Well, what shall it be? Shall I tell you about my travels, and the funny little Swiss children, or shall I tell you what a little wave told me one day, as I sat on the rocks and watched it playing in the great ocean?"

"The wave! The wave!" cried one and all. And so I began:

"My home was in a mountain in Switzerland," the little wave said, "near an old hut, amidst mosses and ferns. I was very small; so small you could scarcely see me, except when the sun shone on my face, and made little dimples in my cheeks.

I was very merry, and the boy who lived in the hut near by used to throw me pebbles and bright red berries, and sometimes gave me his yellow curls to play with. You might think I was afraid of the great mountains that towered up at my back, and I used to hear people say, as they passed, 'The mountains are frowning.' But I could never understand what they meant, for the great, strong things were always friendly to me, and the one in which I lived was very grateful when I would trickle down its side, and give the thirsty ferns and berries water to drink. Well, I was a happy little thing, with meadows before me, the music of cow-bells day and evening, and the smiling heavens over my head. But, just as little children grow larger and eager to see more of the world, so I grew larger and less patient, and began to dream about the big ocean, which the boy was always talking about, where, he said, his father sailed big ships, and the moon and stars

best loved to shine. To be sure, the sun coaxed me to forget such things through the day, but every night, when the sun and world had gone to sleep, I would look straight up at the stars, and beg them to tell me all about it. You see, I was only a very tiny mountain-brook, after all, and had never seen the great ocean, so far away.

"One day the wind came in a flurry, and whispered strange things to me; the thunder-clouds began to cover the mountain-peaks; the lightning broke the clouds into pieces, and down came a flood of pouring rain. The earth about me was scattered everywhere, and down I came, bursting my prison-bars, tumbling, rollicking, half in terror, half in delight, and unconscious of what was coming. Other streams ran by me, as joyous and eager as I, and, joining them, I found out that I was really on my longed-for journey to the ocean!

"O joy!" I cried aloud, and hurried on, with wonderful visions in my brain. I should soon be part of a great river, they told me, and flow into a lake. And I did, and a pretty blue lake it was, and a happy child was I for many days.

"But still, the lake was not the ocean, and though I made friends with the leaves and little islands scattered everywhere, yet I secretly resolved to tell the lady of the lake all about it, and ask her to let me go. She came in the night, gliding along in a silver boat, with two swans at its head, up to where I was, near the sandy shore, and told me of an outlet far off. To this she led me, and, with a wave of her wand, she bade me be free!

"Oh, how wild I grew and how vain I was, and how proud of my strength! I would show the people in the castle, far off there, what I could do! Four days the wind raged, and I raged, too, tumbling the rocks about in my bed with so furious a noise that people afterward said it was louder than the roar of breakers on the beach. I tore up trees, banks, grasses, stones and great rocks. I let dams loose, threw pine-trees across wood-paths, laying bare to the world their snake-like roots. On, on in my fury, winding in and out, behind mountains, by great castles, anywhere where I could astonish and frighten! But when I came to the valley which the clouds were bathing in golden glory, little flecks of pink and blue floating in their midst; where, over the tops of the mountains, a rainbow was arching itself, each end resting in the valley below; and where, sweetest of all, I could hear children's voices chanting at vespers, I began

to grow ashamed of my wildness, to flow more and more slowly, and to be sorry that I should be so impatient and restless. I was truly sorry for my naughtiness, and when I looked at the beautiful rainbow and thought of Him who put it there just for me, perhaps, I said softly to myself: 'If God will only let me be a little wave in the great sea, I will go leagues and leagues, never be fretful again, and wait just as long as He wants me to.'

"And I did grow patient, and, though I never thought I was pretty, children called me beautiful, trees and foliage looked down into my heart, and the willows hung their waving tresses over me. Birds came, too, and made me almost delirious with their sweet carolings. All the world of nature smiled and nodded at me, and I never asked myself where I was going, but flowed on, with my secret longing locked up in my bosom,—God only holding the key.

"Do you wonder, then, when the boundless ocean burst upon my sight, and I knew that in one short hour I should be a part of it, that, not with the old wildness and dash, but quietly and singing praises, I went along, sometimes losing sight of my love, but always knowing it was awaiting me with open arms? And now, here I am, one of its own children, a real little wave of the great sea, and I beat against the rocks where people sit and dream, and tell my life to all who will listen. The moon and stars and the warm sunshine are my constant friends: the world beneath is far more beautiful than I can tell you,—coral islands, stately castles, and beautiful maidens who shimmer the ocean with wondrous colors,—blue, emerald, amethyst and gold. Sometimes, when the ocean is so radiant with color, I dream of the Swiss valley and mountains, and of the rainbow that taught me patience and trust, and wonder if God has reflected its beauty here for my sake. So I sing and splash against the rocks with constant rejoicings for my happiness."

"That is the end, children," I said, after a long silence had followed, and hopeful eyes were gazing deep into the dying embers. "And now you must scamper off to bed. Don't forget to think of the wave and its history when you are impatient, and feel you cannot wait longer for what you want."

And I kissed the upturned faces, with a blessing in my heart for the little wave singing and tumbling about the rocks in the dark night.

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAND MUSTER.

THE camp was finished, and, before dawn one Saturday morning, the Nine, otherwise the martial fourteen, assembled at the old fort as a rendezvous. They came in stragglingly, Captain Sam fretting at the delay. Sam Murch was late, having over-

the muster field, and they were to spend one night in camp, although the smaller boys looked forward to a night in the woods with secret dread.

It was not a cheerful time of day to begin operations. The air was chilly, although it was mid-summer; and the darkness of the hour, relieved only by a gray twilight in the east, was somewhat depressing to the lads, unaccustomed as they were to being abroad at that time of day. Hi Hatch



THE NINE IN CAMP.

slept himself, and there had been rumors that his wicked brother had tied him to the bed-post so that he should not join the Nine in their celebration.

Finally, however, the company started, not in military array, for each soldier was encumbered with a share of camp equipage. No muster could be complete without a genuine camping out, and the valiant Nine had resolved to do everything that should reflect credit on them as real soldiers. They were to start before daylight, as that was the way that the Hancock Guards had to start to go to the muster at Orland. They were to get breakfast in camp, as that, too, was the manner of life on

confided to his chum, Bill Watson, his belief that his mother would miss him awfully at breakfast.

At this, Bill, who had a hankering for his usual comfortable breakfast at home, shivered, and said: "This is n't half so good fun as I thought it was a-going to be." Bill was loaded with a frying-pan, a basket of provisions, and a lance and cartridge-box. These latter accouterments were part of his military outfit, although there was no real reason for carrying the empty cartridge-box in a company of lancers, except for show.

The exercise of walking warmed up the soldiers to a healthy glow, and when they reached the

stone wall which separated the fort-pasture from "Perkins's Back," as the place of their camping-ground was called, each boy sturdily declined Captain Sam's invitation and permission to sit down and take a rest. They all pressed on to the camp; but no boy confided to any other boy his secret fear that Jo Murch, or some of "The White Bears," had destroyed their camp in the night. Until the safety of that structure was assured to them, each boy of the party had a sinking feeling right under the middle button of his jacket-front; and it was with a wild hurrah of relief that, having hurried through the last spruce thickets, they came in full view of the camp, which was safe and untouched, in the twilight of the woods.

"It's all right, fellows!" shouted Sam Perkins, with a gust of joy.

"Of course it's all right," replied Pat Adams. "Who said it would n't be?"

No boy was willing to confess that he had had any fears on the subject, though each one of them was surprised that the enemy had not destroyed their work, long ago.

"Now, then, my hearties, we'll have a rousing fire and a hot breakfast, quicker 'n a cat can lick her ear, as my grandpa says!" cried Captain Sam. "Hi Hatch, Sam Black and Billy Hetherington will get up some drift-wood from the shore, Ned Martin and I will build the fire and unpack the grub, and George Bridges and the rest of the fellows will do the cooking. George is boss cook, anyhow."

The boys cheerfully agreed to this last statement, because George, besides being a good-natured fellow, had been to sea, one voyage, and had had some experience in the galley of a coasting schooner.

But there were signs of mutiny at the peremptory orders of Captain Sam.

"Pears to me," muttered Billy Hetherington, as the three boys scrambled down the bank to the shore, "that Sam Perkins is putting on a sight of airs. I aint a-going to be ordered about by him all day; now you just mind."

"Oh, well, Billy," said Blackie, "you know he is captain and we are in camp. What's to become of military discipline, if we don't obey orders? You know the old saying: 'Obey orders, if you break owners,' and I s'pose that that is just as good for soldiers as for sailors."

"Besides," broke in Sam Murch, "I'd sooner lug wood than cook. I hate cooking."

The idea that little Sam had ever done enough cooking to have any opinion about it so tickled the other two boys that they burst into a hearty laugh and went to picking up the drift-wood cheerily, and soon clambered back to the dewy hill-side above,

where their comrades had already started a fire with the dry litter from the camp-making.

"Sun-up! Sun-up!" shouted "the Lob," and the yellow rays of the August sun were sifted down among the tree tops, and the distant shore of Long Island was all aflame with the golden light. The sun cheered the boys, who watched the cooking of ham and eggs, and coffee, with great interest. Ned Martin buried potatoes in the ashes, and burned his hands in getting at them to see if they were baked.

"Look out, old sorrel-top!" cried Captain Sam, good-humoredly; "you'll burn your head off, if you don't take care."

Ned did not like being called sorrel-top, although his hair was red, but he said nothing more unpleasant in retort than "Drat the fire! It's the hottest fire I ever did see."

"Ned would n't stand that from anybody but Sam," said Billy Hetherington.

Fortunately, nobody was disposed to discuss this subject, and breakfast went on right merrily. It is true that the coffee was "riley," as the boys said, not to say muddy, and that some of the ham was burned to a crisp, and some was nearly raw; and there were bits of cinders sprinkled all over the fried eggs. But when did a healthy boy's appetite rebel at such trifles as these? Then there were thick and well-buttered slices of white bread,—the best bread that any boy's mother ever made,—and brought to the camp by the different boys who each had a mother who made the best bread in the world.

It was even voted that this breakfast was the noblest meal that any of them had ever eaten in their lives. Hi Hatch sighed no more for the fried hasty-pudding and hot coffee which he knew his sisters at home were, at that moment, eating at his mother's breakfast-table. It was the golden hour of a day in the woods. Such hours do not come to us when we are grown-up men and women.

"I should think we might have just one pie," grumbled "the Lob," who dearly loved pie.

"For shame! John Kidder Hale!" said Captain Sam, with all the sternness he could command. "Aint you a nice fellow to invite a lot of girls to come down here and see our sham-fight, and then go and eat up the pies before they come. Who says pie?" demanded the captain, looking around on the company, most of whom were lazily basking in the sun. "Who says pie?" There was no response, although "the Lob" looked about him to see if some other fellow would not help him out with a vote. "Nobody says pie," cried Sam, disdainfully, "and the motion is lost, so now." And that settled it.

Later in the morning, when the camp had been

put in order, and the boys had each taken a refreshing dip in the salt sea waves, the lookout in the top of a tall lone pine, Sam Murch, cried: "The girls are in sight, on the top of the hill, back of the fort!"

Instantly everything was in a tumult of preparation. It was one of the events of the day when the girls came to camp.

The company was formed in line, rather a straggling one, to be sure, as the ground was hilly and broken; but it was with great pride and satisfaction that the illustrious and martial Nine, otherwise fourteen, marched up through the thickets, in single file, drum beating and fife shrilly playing, to escort the young ladies to camp. There was the flag at the head of the column, proudly borne by Billy Hetherington, standard-bearer, and there marched Captain Sam, brave in all the glory of a red plume in his cap and a red sash around his waist. He brandished his glittering tin sword, crying, as he did so, "Come on, my brave lads,—the path of duty is the way to glory!" Nobody knew exactly what that meant; even Sam was not sure in his own mind where he had read it, but it sounded very fine, for all that.

The girls, approaching from the old fort, saw the valiant band issue from the woods in bright array, or in as bright array as the circumstances would permit. With beaming looks, the fair guests drew near and stood in a little half-frightened huddle as Captain Sam shouted, "Attention, company! Three cheers for the ladies!" The cheers were given with a will, and the echoing woods repeated the shrill hurrahs.

"Present arms!" was the next command, and the old soldiers presented their lances in quite exact order, each man holding his weapon perpendicularly in front of his body.

"Now, then, come on, girls," said Sam, wheeling his company about so as to lead the way.

"Well, I should think!" cried Alice Martin. "Why don't you let us go ahead? I don't believe it's good manners for a military company to go before the girls like that. Do you, Phœbe?"

Phœbe Noyes was not sure, but she thought that there ought to be a clear understanding as to what was right before they went any farther. Sarah Judkins, a tall and freckle-faced girl, whose elder brother was the ensign of the Hancock Guards, and who, for that reason, was an authority in military matters, thought that the soldiers ought to divide and one-half march on each side of the ladies, as they were the guests of the military.

"Just like pall-bearers!" shouted her small brother, Tobias, who was one of the new recruits of the Fairport Nine. "Shut up, sauce-box!" cried Captain Sam. "We'll divide the company, and

half shall go before and half behind the girls—ladies, I mean, and that'll be about right." To this Sarah assented, and the procession moved on to the camp.

It was not a very orderly march, as the ground was rough and it was often necessary for the standard-bearer to lower his flag, in order to pass under the trees. Besides, the girls would talk with the boys in the ranks, and it was in vain that Captain Sam, looking straight ahead into the woods, cried: "Silence in the ranks!" It seemed to the boys almost a week since they had been away from their own homes, and they were anxious to hear what was going on in the village while they had been camping out in the woods.

"That mean Jo Murch says he is coming down to burn down your camp, to-night," said Sarah Judkins, to soothe the feelings of the boy nearest her, who had been saying that the camp was the best ever built in "Perkins's Back."

"I'd like to catch him at it!" cried Sam Perkins, forgetting discipline in his rage.

"Silence in the ranks!" screamed Sarah, who had never agreed with Sam since he had given his maple sugar to another girl, right before her face, although it was very well known that he had been going home with Sarah from singing-school nearly all the winter before.

"So I say. Silence in the ranks!" answered Sam, without a blush. Then everybody laughed, and the procession entered the camping-ground, and the military escort was dismissed "for temporary," as the captain graciously explained.

CHAPTER VIII.

HISTORY WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

THE chief event of the day was to be the sham-fight. The regular militia always had a sham-fight, and the Nine could not possibly think of going through a muster without one. Indeed, the camp had been selected with a view to this very purpose. It was on a tolerably level piece of ground, just above that part of the rocky shore on which the American forces landed, in 1779, when the British held the town and all the rest of the peninsula. From the camp-ground to the shore the land shelved steeply downward; and it was up this high and rugged bluff that the patriot troops clambered and displaced the British.

Billy Hetherington, who had a personal interest in this fight, as one of his ancestors was engaged in it, was of the opinion that it was not much to be proud of. "They got licked like everything, afterward, when they might have taken Fort George, and did n't do it," explained Billy. "And as for

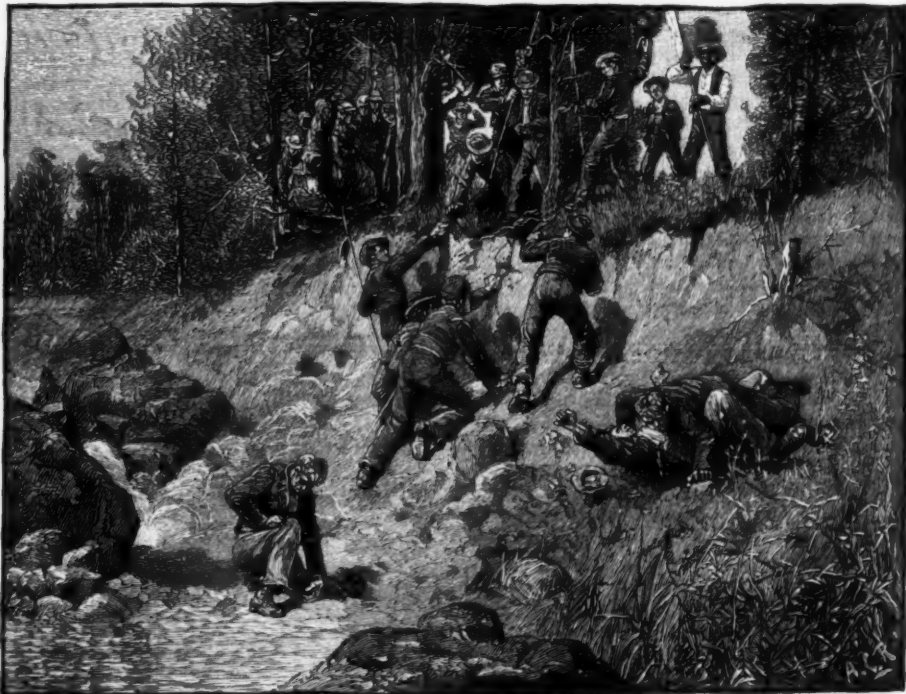
me, I'd rather be one of the British soldiers, to-day, because if we ever have another sham-fight on the old fort, I shall be on hand and drive you fellows off, just as the British drove Saltonstall, in the war."

This was felt to be almost treasonable. No boy had ever dared to say a word in favor of the British, whose name was detested in Fairport, although the Revolutionary War was now a great way behind in the history of the town. But, as Billy came of Revolutionary stock, his patriotism was not to be made light of, and the other boys wondered at the amount of his knowledge of those distant events.

talk!" and Sarah swung her bonnet vigorously by the strings, as was her manner when she was excited.

"I don't care," broke in Captain Sam, "whether the Americans were defeated afterward or not. They fought like tigers right here, and if they did have to take to their ships and scud off, when they might have captured the fort and taken the town, it was a brave thing to do, anyhow."

"That's what I say, Sam," said Alice Martin, her blue eyes glistening. "And it was a wicked, wicked thing for those horrid British to chase the



THE SHAM BATTLE.

It was supposed that he had, somehow, inherited it from the famous general whose name he bore. Sarah Judkins, who probably knew more than any other girl in town, was also able to throw some light on the matter.

"Land sakes alive!" she cried; "it was not the fault of the Americans that they did not whip the British. It was Saltonstall's fault. Did n't his men all want to be led against the British in the fort, after they had captured this point? And did n't Commodore Saltonstall refuse, because he had been bought with British gold? Law me! How you

Americans in their ships, and drive 'em ashore and wreck 'em all to pieces, as they did, all up and down the Penobscot River."

Here one of the girls reminded the party that Paul Revere, the hero of Longfellow's poem, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," was in command of the ordnance of the ill-fated expedition from Massachusetts Bay, which landed at this place.

"Well, for that matter," said Sarah, who knew everything, "Longfellow's great-grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, was second in command, and if he had been first, I just believe he would have

got into the fort before the next day, instead of waiting, as Lovell and he had to, until Saltonstall, the coward, gave the word."

She might have added, though every boy in Fairport knew it, that another famous character in that memorable siege was a Lieutenant Moore, of the British 82d Foot, afterward known as Sir John Moore, who was killed at Corunna, Spain, in 1809. When the school-boys of Fairport recited, as each one of them did as often as permitted, the lines beginning

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,"

they felt as if they had had an intimate acquaintance with the brave and unfortunate man who once did subaltern duty in the colonial town, so many years ago.

There was some difficulty in getting members of the company to play the part of British troops, as almost every boy preferred being a patriot soldier on this particular occasion. Sarah volunteered to lead a British column, if none of the boys were willing to serve. This offer so shamed George Bridges that he agreed to be a British soldier for this time only, and Billy Hetherington had already said he preferred that service, having an eye to a victory at some future time.

Blackie naturally joined the company of his chum; and as there were only fourteen boys, seven on a side, this left but four more to be provided. Sarah Judkins commanded her brother Tobias to fight for the British, which he consented to do, though with a very ill grace. Captain Sam then boldly "conscripted," as he called it, little Sam Murch, Charlie Mead and Tom Tilden to be British defenders.

There was some murmuring in the ranks of the American troops that the newest recruits—Tobias, Charlie, Sam Murch and Tom Tilden—should be selected to fight as British. It was felt to be an intentional slight on these latest additions to the military nine, which was now fourteen. "Never mind," whispered Tom, who was a gifted fighter; "we 'll lick 'em, anyhow."

The attacking party, consisting of Captain Sam, his trusty lieutenant, Ned Martin, "the Lob," Hi Hatch, Pat Adams, Bill Watson, and one new recruit, Ralph Jackson, were stationed at Trask's rock, for at this point the American patriots were said to have landed. Tradition says that a fifer boy, by the name of Trask, was put behind this big boulder to play his fife while the attacking party made the ascent of the bluff.

Unhappily, Sam Black, the only boy in the Nine who could play the fife, was in the British service at the top of the bluff, and could not be induced to come down and fife for the patriots. And then the British forces suddenly discovered

that they had all the music to themselves. George Bridges, at a hint from Sarah Judkins, began to beat his drum, before the American forces were ready to begin the attack, and Sam Black blew his fife as well as he could for laughing—it was so funny to think that the besieged party should have all the music.

When Saltonstall's forces, numbering about four hundred men, landed on this point, in July, 1779, the marines were on the left of the attack. Captain Sam represented the marines, supported by "the Lob." Ned Martin, in the center, kept up an incessant fire of musketry to distract the attention of the enemy (see Williamson's *History of Maine*), while the right, consisting of the rest of the party, and commanded by Hi Hatch, stormed the British position, held by Billy Hetherington.

It was a gallant fight!

The British, being posted on the brow of the steep bluff, had a tremendous advantage. They poured a galling fire of shouts and cries, occasionally mingled with clumps of wet moss, upon the heads of the besiegers. The young ladies, who seemed to sympathize with the British, encouraged the besieged with remarks upon the slowness with which the rebels got up the hill.

In the original fight, the right of the attacking force pressed hard upon the British left and captured a small battery, represented on this occasion by the standard of the Nine. Hiram, cheered on by Captain Sam from the left, made a bold dash for the battery, and was on the point of seizing it, when Sam Black, indignant at this desecration of the Nine's standard, snatched it and ran.

"Here! Here! That's no fair play!" shouted Captain Sam. But Blackie paid no heed to his commander's warning, and Hiram, pursuing the standard-bearer, was stopped by Billy Hetherington, who covered the retreat of his friend with a big wad of wet moss, which struck Hiram full in the face. Hi was too good-natured to resent this, but sat down on the bank and laughed until the tears flowed.

"You're a nice lot of fellows to play American patriots!" exclaimed Captain Sam, angrily. "Why don't you put the invaders to flight? Down with the tyrants!"

But it was in vain. Tom Tilden, at this critical moment, let fly a ball of soft, wet clay, which, taking Captain Sam in the eye, closed that organ for the time being.

Tom shouted, in triumph, "Out on the first base!"

At this, Ned Martin, who had kept up his incessant firing, according to orders, by continually bawling "Bang! Bang!" now dropped that branch of the service, and flew up the bluff as well as its

shelving surface would permit. He was met at the top by Charlie Mead, who belabored the enemy over the head with a huge bough of spruce. The rough sprays scratched the face of the lieutenant, who made a grab for that weapon and pulled his enemy off the bank, and both rolled together to the bottom, amid the cries of the young lady spectators, who exclaimed:

"Why, they're fighting!"

But the two combatants amicably went to Captain Sam's assistance, as he was trying to wash the blue clay out of his eye.

Meantime, the contest raged above them, on the bluff. Pat Adams, who saw nothing but a shameful defeat for the American troops, to the great confusion of all history, boldly charged into a group of girls at the top of the bluff, crying, after the manner of Major Pitcairn at Bunker Hill, "Disperse, ye rebels! Lay down your arms and disperse!"

But the girls, forgetting that they were not American rebels, nor even British regulars, but peaceful non-combatants, closed around Pat and made him a willing prisoner. Sarah Judkins tied his hands behind him with a handkerchief, and thus exhibited her captive at the edge of the bluff to Captain Sam, who fairly howled at the sight.

Tobias Judkins, having waited for a good opportunity, and assisted by Sam Murch, now loosened a big piece of the projecting bluff, and, in an instant, turf, stones and earth were sliding down the steep bank in a great cloud of dust. The attacking party saw it coming, and fled precipitately down to the shore, dodging the flying rubbish as they ran.

"Oh, I say," cried Captain Sam, "this is no way to fight! We have got to do it according to the original, and in the original, as you ought to know, the British were thrashed."

"Well, if the British were thrashed, why don't you come up and thrash us?" retorted Billy Hetherington, from the top of the bluff.

"Yes; why don't you come up and drive them out of their battery, just as Lovell's men did?" cried Alice Martin, brightly laughing, for she thought it was a great joke that the American patriots should be asking the British to run away from the threatened battery without making any defense.

"If I could get hold of the fellow that fired that lump of blue clay at me, I'd make him run," retorted Captain Sam, valiantly.

But Ned Martin, not to be defeated in this way, had made a circuit to the extreme right, though not according to the original plan for which the captain was such a stickler. Before anybody knew where he was, and in the midst of the parley, he appeared behind the party on the bluff, waving the standard, which he had found in the bushes, and exclaiming, "I've captured the battery!"

There was a rush of boys in his direction, and the whole party fought their way to the edge of the bluff. "The Lob," supported by Ralph Jackson, who was a big boy, climbed up to aid their struggling lieutenant.

They were all tangled together on the dangerous edge of the bank, when the captain from below yelled, "Look out! The bank is caving!"

His warning was too late. In another second, the edge of the bank gave way, and amid dust and dirt, the shrieks of the girls and the cries of the boy-besiegers below, the entire force of British and Americans slid down to the rocky shore beneath. There were bruised heads and shins, and Pat Adams's nose was bleeding when he picked himself up. Most serious disaster of all, however, the pole of the standard was broken into two pieces, at sight of which the girls came hurrying down, with various exclamations.

"It is too awful mean for anything," pouted Phoebe Noyes, who, having done much sewing on the banner, felt as if she were personally wounded in its disaster.

"It's all your fault, Billy!" cried Ned, fiercely.

"Tis n't my fault, either," retorted Billy. "Do you s'pose I was a-going to let you carry off that flag?"

"Why, that's the way the fight was fit in 1779," answered Captain Sam. "What are you thinking about?"

"Well," remarked Sarah Judkins, gravely, "the fight is over and the Americans have got the worst of it."

"That's so," gallantly assented Sam. "It's not according to the original, but the enemy being assisted by the ladies, the patriot forces are beaten."

(To be continued.)



BEFORE AND AFTER FLOW- ERING.

(A Flower-drama of Spring-time.)

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

BEFORE.

First Violet.

LO HERE! How warm and dark and still it is;
Sister, lean close to me that we may kiss.
Here we go rising, rising, but to where?

Second Violet.

Indeed, I cannot tell, nor do I care,
It is so warm and pleasant here. But hark!
What strangest sound was that above the dark?

First Violet.

As if our sisters all together sang—
Seemed it not so?

Second Violet.

More loud than that, it rang,
And louder still it rings, and seems more near;
Oh! I am shaken through and through with fear—
Now in some deadly grip I seem confined!
Farewell, my sister! Rise and follow and find.

First Violet.

From how far off those last words seem to fall!
Gone where she will not answer when I call.
How lost? How gone? Alas! This sound above me,—
“Poor little violet left with none to love thee!”
And now it seems I break against that sound!
What bitter pain is this that binds me round,
This pain I press into! Where have I come?

AFTER.

A Crocus.

Welcome, dear sisters, to our fairy home!
 They call this Garden, and the time is spring.
 Like you I have felt the pain of flowering,
 But oh! the wonder and the deep delight
 It was to stand here, in the broad sun-sight,
 And feel the wind flow 'round me, cool and
 kind;
 To hear the singing of the leaves the wind
 Goes hurrying through; to see the mighty
 trees,
 Where every day the blossoming buds increase.
 At evening, when the shining sun goes in,
 The gentler lights we see, and dews begin,
 And all is silent under the quiet sky,
 Save sometimes for the wind's low lullaby.

First Tree.

Poor little flowers!

Second Tree.

What would you prate of now?

First Tree.

They have not heard; I will keep still.

First Violet.

See how the trees bend to each other lovingly.

Crocus.

Daily they talk of fairer things to be.
 Great talk they make about the coming Rose,
 The very fairest flower, they say, that blows;
 Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they
 say,
 And fold her 'round in some divine, sweet way.

First Violet.

Would she were come, that for ourselves we
 might
 Have pleasure in this wonder of delight!

Crocus.

Here comes the laughing, dancing, hurrying
 rain;
 How all the trees laugh at the wind's light
 strain!

First Violet.

We are so near the earth, the wind goes by
 And hurts us not; but if we stood up high,
 Like trees, then should we soon be blown
 away.

Second Violet.

Nay, were it so, we should be strong as they.

Crocus.

I often think how nice to be a tree;
 Why, sometimes in their boughs the stars I see.

First Violet.

Have you seen that?

Crocus.

I have, and so shall you.
 But, hush! I feel the coming of the dew.

NIGHT.

Second Violet.

How bright it is! The trees how still they
 are!

Crocus.

I never saw before so bright a star,
 As that which stands and shines just over us.

First Violet (after a pause).

My leaves feel strange and very tremulous.

Crocus and Second Violet together.

And mine. And mine.

First Violet.

Oh, warm, kind sun, appear!

Crocus.

I would the stars were gone and day were
 here!

JUST BEFORE DAWN.

First Violet.

Sisters! No answer, sisters? Why so still?

One Tree to another.

Poor little violet, calling through the chill
 Of this new frost which did her sisters slay,
 In which she must herself, too, pass away.
 Nay, pretty violet, be not so dismayed:
 Sleep, only, on your sisters sweet is laid.

First Violet.

No pleasant Wind about the garden goes;
 Perchance the Wind has gone to bring the
 Rose.

O sisters! surely now your sleep is done.
 I would we had not looked upon the sun.
 My leaves are stiff with pain. Oh! cruel
 Night!

And through my root some sharp thing seems
 to bite.

Ah me! What pain, what coming change is
 this? (She dies.)

First Tree.

So endeth many a violet's dream of bliss.

MARJORIE'S PERIL.

A True Story of the Bush of Tamashaki

BY MARY LOCKWOOD.

THIS happened a few years ago, before the name of a certain Zulu king called Cetewayo—pronounced T-Ketch-way-o—had become either feared or famous. At that time, the newspapers, which have made such a talk about him since, had never even heard of his existence, and people still were far more afraid of wild beasts than of wild men in Queen Victoria's South African colonies.

In the latter part of August, one of Her Majesty's brave Highland regiments, fresh from England by sea, landed at Durban, the flourishing sea-port of the Province of Natal, on the south-east coast of the African continent, and several companies were immediately ordered up country to a frontier post, a little fort at Tamashaki, upon the confines of the Transvaal and Zululand.

The soldiers first went by rail and coach to Pietermaritzburg, the pretty little capital of Natal, fifty-five miles from Durban, and so far the journey was very pleasant; but the rest of the way, over bad roads, in wagons or afoot, was so rough and wearisome that many of the men left their wives and children at Pietermaritzburg; for it was rumored that their stay would not be long at Tamashaki, and, besides, it was a queer sort of place for women and children. But Sergeant McLeod would not leave his one motherless bairn behind, for he never felt easy when Marjorie was away from him. His men were not sorry to have her come, either, the bonnie little Scottish lassie; for she was a great pet with them all, because she was so Scottish, and wholesome, and blithe, with her dimples and auburn curls, and merry gray eyes,

and winsome ways. Then, too, she was a useful little lass, though only eight years old, and could darn the hose and sew buttons on, and sweep the room, and boil the porridge, as well as many an older person.

The fort at Tamashaki had been intended in the beginning for a Zulu village, and, perhaps, was the uncanniest spot a little Scottish girl ever called "home." It was just a collection of thatched mud-huts built around a large court-yard used for the parade-



THE LIONS' DRINKING-PLACE. [SEE PAGE 828.]

ground, inclosed by a circular fence of high bamboo canes, stuck upright into the ground very close to one another, and bound together with withes. There was no gate, but the circle was brought round so that the ends of the fence overlapped at the entrance, in such a way as to prevent passers-by from seeing into the court. There was a sentinel stationed at the

first entrance, who paced the ground where the gate should have been, day and night, and Captain Knobel meant to have a gate made just as soon as he could procure the necessary material from the nearest Dutch settlement in the Transvaal.

For several days, Marjorie was too busy, helping her father and the others to make their funny little huts look a bit home-like, with the few traps they had brought with them, to think much about the country that lay outside their bamboo fence; in fact, she had never done more than peer around the corner of the last bamboo post, across the sandy stretch on which the fort was built, and catch a glimpse of the green trees of the bush. A South African bush is a sort of forest jungle, abounding in luxuriant vegetation, and apt to be the lurking-place of savage beasts, whose growls and roars could be heard at night sometimes by the sentinel at the fort, though the terrible creatures never ventured into the open country; or so rarely, that no one at the station thought of being afraid of a savage visitor in the night-time.

Four or five days after the arrival of the new troops at Tamashaki, Sergeant McLeod was ordered off with his men on an expedition to buy food, and lumber for the necessary repairs. This would take him one whole day, so he left his Maidie, as he called her, in the charge of Private Brown's wife. She was very kind to the child, and kept her close by her all the morning. But after dinner Mrs. Brown was summoned to see a sick woman, and Maidie, left to her own devices, got tired of darning her father's socks, and thought she would go look for Victoria Albertina, the solemn white cat one of the soldiers had given her at Durban. So she strayed into the parade-ground, before the hut, but the Queen's namesake had gone on a scout after some African mouse, and was nowhere to be seen. The inclosure was very quiet; the hot afternoon sun had driven every one under shelter, except the man on guard, who, in his white have-lock, was cuddling the shade, and just creeping along up and down the narrow passage between the fences. But Marjorie did not mind the sun; children seldom do.

"Robbie Bell looks half-asleep," she remarked to herself; "I've a mind to pinch him awake and make him tell me the rest of the lion and tiger story Mr. Ramsay would na let him finish last night." For the night before, when "bonnie Maidie," as the men called her, had been sitting on her father's knee in the midst of a group of soldiers on the parade-ground, listening to Private Robbie's marvelous tales of "rivers runnin' wi' gowd, and diamonds to be had for the pickin' up" in this country to which they had come, "to say nothin' o' parrots an' mon-monkeys that could talk," young

Lieutenant Ramsay, sauntering by with his cigar, had silenced the man when he began telling about the beasts of the bush, as "na fit talk for the bairnie's ears."

But before Marjorie reached Robbie's retreating form, a new and brilliant idea occurred to her: Why should not she go out for a walk? She had not taken one since her father went with her to hear the band play in the public garden at Pietermaritzburg; and, strange to say, Sergeant McLeod had never thought to forbid her venturing beyond the post alone, the possibility of her doing it probably never having occurred to him.

"I'll jist gang fetch my hat," she quickly decided, "and try to find a pretty brook, and some floors for my daddy, to gie him the nicht. An' wha knows, I'll na doubt find gowd an' di'mon's, like Robbie talked about. He said there's lots and heaps in the brooks, an' I'll buy a giftie for the men, every ane. the time we gang back to the toon."*

Then, full of her fine plans, she skipped into McLeod's hut, and reached her brown hat down from its peg, and tied it over her tawny curls, when it suddenly occurred to her that her daddy might be home before her, so, like the thoughtful little housewife that she was, she spread the table and set out the tankard of beer and bowl of "parritch," in readiness for him, with great care, then danced out past the sleepy Robbie—who happened to be at the far end of his beat.

He was drowsily conscious, as he turned in his slow and steady tramp, of a clear, small voice, piping the pathetic air of "Land o' the Leal," away off somewhere. But how remorsefully he remembered afterward that he did not take the trouble to do more than blink around to see where the song came from.

"It sounds for a' the world like bonnie Maidie! Where can she ha' hid hersel'?" he wondered; but thinking was too much exertion that hot afternoon, so he gave it up.

The shrill, sweet young voice died away, and silence fell on the little post. After a while the guard was changed, and Rob went off to his supper and forgot all about Marjorie, who, meantime, had made her way as fast as her little feet could carry her across the stretch of scorching sand that lay between the fort and the inviting shade of the bush. The afternoon sun still rode high in the cloudless heavens, and not a sound was heard but the whirring of insects in the sand, as Maidie sprang with a cry of delight into an opening in the thicket of acacia, or white thorn trees, which bordered the arid plain. She already spied some lovely little flowers growing close to the ground not far off. They were gloxinias, pale blue,

* Gang, go—nicht, night—knaaws, knows—gowd, gold—toon, town.

pink and white, and she soon gathered her apron full of them.

"What a beautiful posy I'll mak' my daddy!" she thought, delightedly. But, as she penetrated deeper into the Bush, she forgot the pale gloxinias in her excitement over the treasures that opened to her view, and dropped half of them as she made her way along, marking her path through the wood by flowers, as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did by pebbles in the nursery tale. Presently she came to a gorge with fantastic rocks on either side, rising like towers and castles and church-spires. There was the bed of a river in this gorge, but the river was not flowing; all the water seemed to have run off somewhere else; though the bed was moist and all overgrown with lovely creepers and grasses and the wax-like ice-plant. All along the banks were great reeds as tall as giants, of all sorts of lovely colors. Bright scarlet flowers grew on some of the rocks, and blue and yellow and crimson flowers bloomed on the trees. Maidie had never in her life seen such lovely woods.

"They must be fairy-tale woods," she thought, and she was quite bewildered to know what to gather first of the pretty things about her. She took off her hat and made a basket of it for carrying delicate lilies and ferns; she tied some green moss up in her little handkerchief "to mak' a garden wi' outside our door"; and she wound long tendrils of clematis and asparagus-vine around her waist, and stuck geraniums and fragrant jessamine and the yellow mimosa-blossom in this clustering girdle, until she looked like a walking posy herself; and ever and anon some fresh beauty or wonder tempted her farther and farther into the bewitching, dangerous woods, until she forgot the gold and diamonds she had come to seek, and forgot the mysterious hints about the savage dwellers in these wilds, that seemed to the fearless child as safe and beautiful a play-ground as her grandfather's garden at home. She felt so happy in the woods, it seemed to her as if she could do anything, as she sprang from stone to stone or pressed her rosy cheek against the soft, thick moss, or buried her eager little nose in the white corolla of a lily.

On and on she strayed, playing she was a fairy and singing, loudly: "Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen," until she fairly set a monkey, far above her in an ebony-tree, chattering back; but she was too busy to hear him. Presently, she came to a rock, some few hundred paces from the river, projecting over a pool of clear, but very dark-looking water. On the rock grew some beautiful air-plants with scarlet flowers, the inside of their gay cups lined with lemon-color. In the soft sand, near this pool, were many great foot-prints,—the lions had been there to drink at night.

Maidie, in reaching over to get one of the brilliant flowers, dropped her hat in the pool, and, do what she might, could not reach it again. She could have cried to see her pretty brown basket, piled full of lilies and ferns, floating off from her; for she suddenly became conscious that it was growing darker in the woods, and that she ought to be finding her way home, as Daddy would be scared about her. So she grasped the remainder of her treasures more firmly, and turned her resolute little face homeward, or in what she thought to be the homeward direction. Somehow, it was a great deal harder picking her way over the stones as she went back; there were so many slippery places and so many vines and thorny bushes in the way, and Marjorie wondered why the woods seemed so much darker almost immediately. She did not know how long she had been out, nor that the early night was falling very fast, nor, worse still, that she was going in quite the wrong direction; coming to no opening in the hopeless maze of trees, no landmark that she had noticed before; it seemed to her she had come but a little, little way from the edge of the bush.

At last it grew so dark, and the way seemed so strange, that she just sat down to think. How tired she was; how glad she would be to get home again! At last she determined to go straight back to the pool and wait there for her daddy. She was so sure in her perfect faith that he would, of course, come for her, and he would see her more easily in that open place. She was not afraid. Her father had told her that God's good angels watch over children who try to do right, and she had never meant to be naughty. So she bravely turned, and painfully picked her way along until, presently, she came right to the edge of a sheet of black water: it seemed to her the same she had left, but it was, in reality, quite a different pool. There was the rock close to her; she would climb up and sit on the ledge, it was all so wet where she was standing. After trying to step over the stones, unsuccessfully, she finally pulled off her shoes and waded in the pool to the rock, but found the sides were so high and slippery that she could not climb them, neither could she see to get back; all that was left for her to do was to plant her little shoeless feet in the water and brace herself firmly against the steep, rough rock and wait patiently for Daddy. The shoes were gone,—dropped in trying to climb the rock,—the pinafore was torn and soiled, and the gay vines and flowers dragged and drooped.

"It 's verra dark; I 'll say my prayers, any how, whiles I 'm waitin'," said Maidie. "I 'll be too sleepy when I get home; only I canna kneel doon verra weel, but God will na mind that." So the dear little lass clasped her hands, and said

"Our Father" and "Now I lay me," and did not know, herself, how pathetic it was, as she stood bolt upright in the dark water that covered the small feet and ankles. While she prayed, the moon came out overhead, and its faint light struggled through the trees and touched the rock and the child's bright hair; and, after a while, something beside the moonlight visited the pool,—something that came with heavy tread over the sand,—and stooped and drank of the water, and slunk back again into its lair of darkness. Another and another of these visitors came, as the night hours went on, and drank, and glowered at the little child, with red, fierce eyes, and even rubbed their noses against her face and hands; then shook their yellow manes as they went muttering and growling away. Not one of them so much as touched a hair of her innocent head. "Who was it," said Lieutenant Ramsay, afterward, "shut the mouths of the great hungry creatures, but He who gives His angels charge over His little ones to keep them in all their ways?"

A couple of hours after Marjorie's departure, the scouting party came into the fort and was piped off to supper. Of course, Sergeant McLeod expected to find his little lass waiting for him at his own door, and was rather disappointed not to see her there. "She's fixed my parritch, bless her heart," he remarked, seating himself to the enjoyment of his meal, for which he had a pretty good appetite, thanks to his long tramp; "she'll be back anon." But Maidie did not appear, even after he had drained his beer tankard and lighted his pipe, so, with a slight feeling of uneasiness in spite of himself, he put his pipe in his mouth, and stepped, rather briskly, over to Mrs. Brown's.

"Maidie not home?" repeated that good soul, aghast, "why, I left her here, it's a couple of hours or so, to go see Freeman's sick wife. She was darnin' your sock lady like a lamb, and was fixin' to get your supper ready in time. She's off visitin' the neebors, likely."

Further inquiry was made, but no one had seen the child for hours. Then it occurred to the Sergeant, with a pang of terror, that she might have strayed outside the gateless inclosure, and he hunted up the man who had been on guard that afternoon, to question him. Poor, slow-witted Robbie could at first recall nothing, but, after cudgeling his brains awhile, he recalled the song which had come to him as in a dream, and exclaimed, contritely, that he must have let the bonnie bairn run out under his nose, the blockhead that he was.

Beside himself with anxiety, the father peered about until he detected in the fine sand of the court two or three tiny foot-prints that pointed outward. Stepping outside he saw some others, faint and

light, to be sure, but undoubtedly his Maidie's; such tracks could have been made by no one else in the garrison.

Restraining his wild impulse to follow the dear child's footsteps immediately, McLeod turned back hastily to beat up recruits to go with him. If she had strayed down to the bush, he might need assistance to find her, and he trembled as he thought of the hidden horrors of that fair and deceitful wilderness.

A number of the men volunteered willingly enough, when the news of the loss of the Sergeant's Maidie spread through the post, for the child's pretty, bright, obliging ways had made her such a darling that nearly all the rough, simple fellows would have done anything for her.

They tracked her easily down to the bush, but among the stones and mosses and tangled ways the traces soon became confused and undecided, and at length were hopelessly lost. True, they tracked her for a distance by means of some of the flowers she had dropped, which McLeod picked up and kissed and put in the breast of his jacket, so sure he felt that she had gathered them. Long hours they searched and shouted, and climbed trees and cut down bushes and vines, going everywhere but in the right direction. As the night darkened among those gloomy shades, they shuddered to hear the growls and roars of the beasts of prey coming forth from their dens and lairs to seek what they might devour. Some of the men grew discouraged and wearied out, and returned to the fort. It did not seem possible that the poor bairnie could ever be found, alive or dead, but the father would not give up the search for a moment; he would have stayed there in the bush if every man had left him. At midnight, Lieutenant Ramsay came out with some fresh men to aid in the search, and joined the others just as they struck the riverbed where Marjorie had gone wild with delight over the beautiful and brilliant flowers a few hours before. They followed it painfully by the light of their torches and of the watery moonshine, until they gained the pool near the gorge, dark and dismal enough as the shadows lay upon it, shallow as it was.

"One of the lions' drinking-places," said Mr. Ramsay, and stopped to pick up something that floated to his feet. They all knew it—Maidie's little brown hat, with one or two soaked lilies and ferns fastened to it yet.

Robbie Bell fell on his knees and sobbed like a child. "Lord keep the puir bairnie frae the jaws o' the lion!" he cried, and more than one man added an Amen.

The poor father groaned, "Gie Thy angels charge o'er her," then, presently, in a cheerier voice,

he said: "She's a brave lassie, an' a fearless; she 'd win her way better 'n maist. We 'll fin' her so lang as the wild beasts dinna."

It seemed a forlorn hope, but on they trudged, compelled at times to stop and rest, strong men as they were, and at last their lurid torches flickered and grew faint in the gray dawn, when the damp mists rose up from the moist ground, and the growlings of the lions who had been kept off by the torch-glare grew fainter and less frequent, and at length died away altogether.

McLeod was ahead of the others, with the young lieutenant; they had flung away their torches, and pushing through a thicket came suddenly upon the sandy shore of another lion-pool, the sand all trodden down and covered with fresh marks of lion-paws. A black rock loomed up out of the water just opposite them, and hardly had they emerged from the thicket when McLeod gave a gasping cry, and dashed through the water.

Malcolm Ramsay could not make out the reason of this movement at first, but in another instant he caught sight of a little shoe floating slowly on the pool, and next he saw a wee form standing in the water braced against the rock, bareheaded, her bright curls falling all about the tired little face, blue and ghastly in the weird light, the eyes round and wide and strained, with a pitiful, watching look in them, the two small hands tightly clasped together and dropped before her.

But instantly a look of joy came into the sweet eyes, an angel smile made the little face radiant—she had seen her father—he gained her side, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped his baby, his treasure, in his arms.

One by one all came up through the thicket, as though an electric message had brought them. McLeod strode through the water bearing her in his strong arms, crying himself like a baby, while she raised a trembling little hand and stroked his brown face and kissed his rough cheek. The men all gathered about dear Maidie, kissing her hands and dress, and even her little, stained foot. Some

of them pointed to the countless lion-tracks all about; some fell on their knees and hid their faces. It seemed difficult to believe that this was really their Maidie, and that she was alive, for, by all tokens, she must have been the very center of a host of lions, throughout the dreadful night.

"Maidie, darling," said Lieutenant Ramsay, in a choked voice, "were not you afraid?"

"Na," said the innocent lassie, turning her eyes on him, "not a bit afeard. I knew Daddy wad luik for me, and God wad tak' care o' me till he cam'; but I was weary waitin', and a bit lonesome, too, till some dogs cam' to drink the watter, and they seemed company, like."

"Dogs?" echoed the young man.

"Aye. Big, yellow dogs; I never seed sic grand big anes. They rubbed their noses on my face and glowered at me; but I didna min' them, not a bit."

Oh, the child! How the men looked at each other! To think of her safe among the lions all night,—the fearsome beasts seeking their prey, and not a hair of her head harmed!

Then the tired head sank on her father's shoulder, and safe in his tender hold, the watching and waiting, the irksomeness and pain all past, the child's eyes closed and she dropped dead asleep,—the sleep of utter exhaustion,—which asserted itself, now that the brave spirit had no need to bear up the frail little body any longer.

And so he carried her home. They all wanted to carry her, but the father would give her up to no one else; not even to Mr. Ramsay. Good news flies fast. When Marjorie and her body-guard arrived at the fort, her rescue was already known, somehow, and all hands had turned out in the early morning sunshine to rejoice over her, and the Highland pipes played their sweetest and cheeriest to welcome the dear lamb who had been lost and was found, and who did not know until they all marched away forever from Tamashaki, three months later, how great had been her peril, and how wonderful her deliverance.



TED AND KATE.

BY JOEL STACY.

ONCE there was a lit-tle boy named Ted, who had a sis-ter named Kate. He was a good boy and she was a good girl if you would do just as they asked; but if you would not do as they asked they were very bad in-deed. One time Kate asked for a star out of the sky, and be-cause they could not give it to her she cried and screamed for an hour. Now, if they had giv-en it to her she would have been quiet e-nough. Do you like that kind of a good girl?

One day Ted wished to play with his Pa-pa's ra-zor. When his Pa-pa said "No," Ted screamed and kicked; and when they told him not to do so, he said: "I will be good if I can have the ra-zor." But who likes that kind of a good boy? I don't. One day, Ted was so nice and qui-et that his Mam-ma kissed him, and then she found that he had a big lump of sug-ar in his mouth. As soon as it was gone, he cried for more. Then they put in an-oth-er lump, and he was "just as good as pie," nurse said. But they could not al-ways keep Ted's mouth full of sug-ar; and it was so hard to do all that was need-ed to make him good, that one day his Pa-pa and Mam-ma made up a great se-cret.

What do you think this se-cret was?

Why, it was this. They said to each oth-er: "Let us try to cure Ted and Kate of their way of be-ing good. It is time they had a new way."

The lit-tle boy and girl were out-of-doors just then. Ted was be-hind the house, look-ing for the cat, and Kate was play-ing in a boat on the riv-er that ran in front of the house. The boat was tied to the shore, and the nurse watched Kate to see that she did not fall in-to the wa-ter.

Kate had want-ed Ted to come and play with her in the boat; and Ted had begged Kate to come and play with him be-hind the house, but nei-ther would give up to the oth-er's wish-es.

"My, my! What ob-strep-er-ous chil-dren!" said nurse. "Al-ways want-ing their own ways!"

"Would you be-lieve it, ma'am," she said to Mam-ma, "they wont ei-ther play to-geth-er or come in to their sup-pers. But they're qui-et as can be if they're let to have their ways; so where's the harm?"

"A great deal of harm," thought Mam-ma, "in *that* way of be-ing good." So she called out:

"Come in to your sup-per, Ted and Kate. It is near-ly bed-time."

Then they both said "No! No!" and be-gan to cry.

"Don't cry, pets," coaxed nurse. "How long do you want to stay out?"

"Oh, we don't want to go in at all," answered Ted. "Let us stay here al-ways, and we will be good."

"Oh, yes. But I don't want to get out of the boat," said Kate.



TED WILL NOT GO IN TO HIS SUPPER.

"Ver-y well," said Mam-ma. "Now we shall do as you say."

So Pa-pa told Ted he could stay in the grass, be-hind the house, and told Kate she could stay in the boat. And they both said: "Oh, yes! now we will be good."

For a while Ted and Kate thought it was fine fun to stay out. Ted found in the grass a tur-tle that pleased him ver-y much; and Kate sat in the boat and sang her dol-ly to sleep while the sun went down.

It be-gan to grow dark-er, but Ted and Kate knew they must o-bey their Pa-pa. They could not e-ven see each oth-er. The sun was gone; the day was gone; and now the night was com-ing.

"I wish I could go in and get my sup-per," thought Kate, and Ted pushed a-way the tur-tle and looked a-bout him. Then they both be-gan to cry.

Pa-pa put his head out of the win-dow and told them to keep qui-et.



"SHUT YOUR EYES, YOU NAUGHTY MOON!" SCREAMED KATE."

as he and Mam-ma wished to go to sleep. But they screamed and cried loud-er than be-fore. It grew dark-er and dark-er, and they cried loud-er and loud-er. The moon came out and sailed a-mong the clouds; but she seemed like a great round eye look-ing down at them from the sky.

"Shut your eyes, you naught-y moon!" screamed Kate; but the moon just stared at her.

"Pa-pa!" called Ted. "Mam-ma!" cried Kate. There was no an-swer.

"Pa-pa, I will be good if you will let me go to bed!" shout-ed Ted.

"So will I!" screamed Kate. Still there was no an-swer.

Then Ted be-gan to think. He knew his Pa-pa and Mam-ma had told him that real-ly good boys would be just as good if they did *not*

have what they want-ed as if they had all they asked for. And he said to him-self, "It's bet-ter to try to be good that way, if I can." So he stood up straight in the grass, and rubbed his eyes dry. Then he tried to look pleas-ant. The moon stared at him ver-y hard, but there were no more tears on his face.

At last he called out to his Pa-pa a-gain. But this time he said: "Pa-pa! Pa-pa! I'll be good in the right way,—wheth-er you let me in or not!"

O-pen flew the blinds, and Pa-pa and Mam-ma both looked out.

Mam-ma asked: "Will you try to be that kind of a good boy all the time?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ted-dy.

"Ver-y well," and the blinds were shut once more. Pa-pa and Mam-ma were gone. At first, Ted was go-ing to cry a-gain. Then he thought, "Oh, no; I must try right off to be good. I said I would."

So he kept just as still as a mouse, and watched the win-dow.

Now, Kate had heard all that had hap-pened. And she thought: "I'll be just as good as Ted, al-ways." Ver-y soon her eyes were dry, and she was hug-ging the dol-ly ver-y tight and tell-ing her that they were all go-ing to be good the new way, and Dol-ly must try, too.

Now the lamps were light-ed again in the house. Up went the win-dows!

"Come in, chil-dren!" called out Pa-pa and Mam-ma.

Then a ver-y strange thing hap-pened. Nurse stood right be-fore them!—she had been watch-ing Kate all the time from be-hind a bush. She gave her right hand to Ted and her left hand to Kate, and they all three went to the door, and knocked.

"Who's there?" called out Pa-pa's voice, from in-side.

"Two good lit-tle chil-dren," said the nurse.

"Which kind of good?" asked the voice.

"Oh, the *new* kind of good!" shout-ed both the chil-dren.

O-pen went the door! and there stood Pa-pa and Mam-ma. Such a kiss-ing time as there was!

Ted and Kate each had some sup-per; then, when they were un-dressed, they knelt down side by side in their long, white night-gowns, and then they kissed Pa-pa and Mam-ma a-gain, and jumped in-to their lit-tle white beds.

In a few mo-ments they were sound a-sleep, and the moon stared at them near-ly all night, through the win-dow.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

STILL hard at it, eh, my young vacationists? Hard at play, I mean.

Phew! The sun is so hot to-day, and you, my hearers, are so scattered over this great summer-resort land, that we'll dispense with introductory remarks on this august occasion, and proceed at once to consider

SALAMANDERS.

A LIZARD whisked past me a while ago, and lay basking for hours in the summer sunshine that beat upon a bank not far from my pulpit.

It reminded me of salamanders, which are rather like big lizards, I believe. I've heard a good deal about them.

Perhaps those of you who are made uncomfortable by hot weather are inclined to envy the lizard's ability to enjoy the heat of the sun. But that's nothing! Why, if you had the power which the ancient Greeks supposed the salamander to possess, you could sit in a blazing fire with comfort!

There's no telling now where the idea started, but it spread and grew until it was said that the fiercest fire could be put out by throwing a salamander into it! And pictures painted in the old days represent the patient creature taking things quite coolly, with live coals piled on its back.

The facts seem to have become twisted in some way, for a person who knows all about them sends word that salamanders are not fire-proof but ice-proof, and that they have been found alive in solid blocks of ice which had formed around them in the ditches. There they seemed to be very much at their ease, and, when the ice melted, they woke up, and walked away without a shiver.

TO HOT-HOUSE PLANTS AND OTHERS.

DEAR JACK: Tell the hot-house plants that a traveler in Siberia found a ravine, filled with snow and ice, where large poplars were growing, with only their tops above the icy mass. The branches were in full leaf, although the trunks were imbedded in snow and ice to

the depth of twenty-five feet. There was a space around the stem nine inches wide, and this was filled with water.

And then tell the cool-breathed crocus, and the frost-loving chrysanthemum, that the plants about the hot springs of Venezuela seem to rejoice in a heat which will boil eggs in less than four minutes. In the same place, the mimosa and fig trees spread their branches far over the hot water, and even push their roots into it.

W. S.

AN ELECTRIC MAIL-CARRIER.

YOU all remember the story of the kind old lady who was in a great hurry to send her soldier son a pair of new boots, and could not be persuaded that it was impossible to send them along the telegraph wire. And surely some one has told you of the little boarding-school boy, who wrote a letter to his father asking for more pocket-money, and expected to have the letter carried by electricity and to get the money at once in the same way?

If you ever heard those stories, of course you smiled at the old lady and at the little boy. But it will not do to smile at such persons any longer. For, actually, letter messages, little packets, and even messengers themselves, can now be carried by electricity!

The letters are packed into small boxes on wheels, and these run on tracks inside a tube, which is laid under-ground from place to place. A train of the boxes is made up, an electrical locomotive is attached and started, and away go the cars with the messages to the other end of the tube. For carrying men and women the engines and cars are larger, of course, and at present the tracks are laid only on the ground, but, by and by, these also may come to be sunk in big tubes beneath the surface of land and water.

UNDER-GROUND THINGS.

WHAT contrary things are found deep underground! Cold water, hot water, oil, old cities, traces of animals that lived thousands of years ago, and, not very far down, a heat so great that men scarcely can bear it! And I'm told that, if they were to dig far enough, men would come to a part of the globe which is actually molten hot, and boils and bubbles under the rocky crust.

It would be odd, now, if these volcanoes that the dear Little School-ma'am talks about were caused by this boiling stuff, bursting out here and there through the earth's surface!

AN EGYPTIAN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

RIP VAN WINKLE, as almost everybody knows, was a man who is said to have drunk goblin wine when out on the hills one night; and the wine put him to sleep for twenty years, so that, when he awoke a gray old man and went tottering about his former haunts, and among his once familiar friends, only his dog knew him again.

But the "Rip van Winkle" your Jack now has to tell you of, was a snail. Here is his portrait. He was picked up in Egypt, and, being a good specimen of his kind, was preserved and sent to



the British Museum in London. On his arrival, March 25, 1846, he was gummed upon a paper-covered tablet bearing his name, and left to himself. On March 7, 1850, a person observed that the paper near the snail was discolored, just as if the drowsy little fellow had come out of his shell and tried to escape with it, but, finding this impossible, had gone in again to have another doze. Soon after, the snail was put into tepid water, to try if he were still alive; this woke him up completely. But those were long naps—for a snail!

FIVE PET FIELD-MICE.

THE little field-mouse in the picture is one of a family of six tiny little fellows that were found



THE PET FIELD-MOUSE.

cozily snuggled in a deserted bird's-nest, while yet they were too young for their eyes to be open. One of them unluckily fell to the ground, and was killed by a dog; but the five others were carried into a house, and reared upon cow's milk.

The man who acted as their nurse used to take them about with him in his coat-pocket, to show to his friends. One day, he was at a base-ball match, and, forgetting that he had his little nurselings with him, he hung his coat in a tree. When he went to look, he found that the mice had climbed out and run away—sensible little fellows!

[The Little School-ma'am asks me to remind you of two articles on field-mice which were printed in ST. NICHOLAS for June and July, 1877.]

DECORATIVE CRABS.

MY DEAR MR. JACK: I have been having a splendid time by the sea-side, and I must tell you how, among other things to amuse me, I have been learning from some crabs what is the prevailing fashion of decorative art among their kindred under water. At first, I found the crabs a little unpleasant to handle—they have so many squirmy legs, and their nippers hurt if you let them pinch you; but after a while I became used to them.

We took a crab and gently scoured the back of his shell until it was smooth and clean, and then we put him into a tank where sea-weeds of beautiful forms and colors were growing. As soon as the crab had taken a good look around, he picked off little bits from the sea-weeds, and, reaching up, stuck them by their ends upon his bald back! Then, of course, when lying still, he looked like a weed-covered rock; and, when he was crawling about, it was as if the weeds were swaying in a current of water.

But this was not all, for the sea-weeds actually began to grow where the crab had stuck them; and I suppose that, when they have become too long and heavy for comfort, he will reach up with his nippers and trim them down,—thus acting as his own barber.

A learned gentleman with us explained that the sensible fellow thinks less of the decorative effect of the beautiful weeds, than of the safe concealment they afford against his great enemy, the shark.—
Yours truly,
ALICE M. B.

ONE CROWDED DAY.

A SOLDIER named Sutcliffe landed one morning in Chili, just in time to witness the revolution which put down the Dictator, Don Bernardo O'Higgins.

In the evening of the same day, the soldier attended a grand ball given in their own honor by the successful revolutionists; and, before morning, he was rolled out of bed, his lodging-house was shaken to pieces, and he himself was obliged to flee for his life, chased by a tearing earthquake!

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask you a question in history. Has that chest been opened which Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, directed not to be opened till 400 years after his death? If so, what did it contain?

The Little School-ma'am answers that she never heard of this box of which Bob speaks. "After the death of Michael Angelo," she says, "a sealed box was found in his studio, and opened in the presence of witnesses. It contained 8,000 scudi (about \$8,000),—nothing more of importance. Then one of the Counts Buonarroti bequeathed the family archives to the city of Florence, not to be opened at all. But upon the 400th anniversary of the birth of the sculptor, all these archives were opened. Mr. Heath Wilson had access to them, and with their aid wrote a new life of Michael Angelo. If such a box as Bob speaks of exists (and I have never read of it), the time has not yet come for its opening. Michael Angelo left no written will."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of the Little Schoolma'am Jack-in-the-Pulpit mentions, and also of the children. Please ask him to give them my love, when they come through his field again, and tell them they not only can make daisy grandmas out of the daisies, as shown in the June number (page 629), but daisy-donkeys also. Pull off all the white leaves excepting two long ones at the top, some distance apart, and make the eyes and other features as much like a donkey's as possible.—Your ever attentive reader,

NANCY M. STERETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a hen who wanted very much to set, and we have little bits of kittens, too. And the big hen went and sat on the kittens one day, for she wished for something to take care of, and had no little chicks of her own; and she went on sitting on them until the kittens got to be big enough to walk. One day I went out to see her, and I tried to take her off, but she pecked at me; and then our George, who takes care of the cows, went to take her away, but she pecked at him, too. But by and by we got her off. When she was sitting on the kittens, the old cat used to go and sit beside her. Now the kittens have grown to be quite big, and the hen only sits on them at night when she takes them under her wing.

KATIE SAVAGE (6½ years).

M. F. R., also, sends an account of this motherly old hen.

ST. NICHOLAS is indebted to the publishers of *Harri's Book of Insects* for the use of the picture at the top of page 766 of the present number.

MY DARLING ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Alaska, but have come to New York on a visit, and I like it very much. I will now tell you about my home. I live in a low, brick house with a large chimney where, in winter, we are afraid that wolves will climb down, for I must tell you that the chimneys have little steps, where anybody could walk down. One night Mamma and Papa had gone to a ball, five miles away. Of the two servants, old Maggie and Katie, Maggie had gone away, and Katie had gone with Mamma. I was sitting alone with my little brother Willie, when we heard an awful noise. Willie began to cry and tremble. I knew what it must be, and we waited in breathless silence until I could bear it no longer, and screamed. At last, I saw a wolf's paw slowly descending the chimney. Then I took Willie and rushed into the next room, where we remained until the family returned; then Papa made an end of the wolf.—Your true reader,

E. P., and U. M., my cousins.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your little mads may be glad to hear how an English girl, eight years old, earned the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which is given for heroism in saving life.

It was in Devonshire, England, last November, and the little girl's name was Esther Mary Cornish-Bowden. She was returning from Sunday-school with her governess and a younger sister. The governess became giddy and fell into a pond, where the water was six feet deep. Esther at once sent her little sister to the nearest house for help, while she herself tried to grasp the drowning lady's dress. She caught it, but reached too far, fell into the water, and sank. She still kept hold of the dress, however, and, when she rose to the top of the water, she managed to clutch some overhanging branches. For some time she remained in this position, calling for help, and trying to keep the governess's head above water. At last, a man passing near heard her cries and came to the rescue. The lady soon recovered.

Esther was quite unharmed, and seemed to feel as though nothing particular had occurred. With the medal sent to her came also an account of how she had earned it, written out very beautifully on parchment.—Yours truly,

M. B. T.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POST OAK STREET SCHOOL ask: "Are there any leafless plants? If so, what are they like? Are there any leafless South-American creepers?" Who can answer?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little friend of mine here in California brought me to-day two leaves of a violet-plant, which I measured, and I'm sure you would never guess their size. They were just alike; three and a half inches across, and three and a half inches from the tip to where the leaf joins the stem. The little finder told me that the blossom is large in proportion to the leaf.

I thought such a large violet-leaf as this was worth telling about.

C. M. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I bought a very nice microscope with my Christmas money, and I thought I would tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS about a few things I saw with it. First we got some water, and set it aside before we looked at it. Then, when we looked at it, we saw several kinds of animals; some were very small round ones, and some a little larger but of the same shape, and to distinguish them from the very small ones, we called them the "big-little-ones." Then there were some larger rounds, which, from their shape, we called "potato-bugs"; and they spent all their time in eating the little ones. Then there were some we called "leeches" from their shape; some we called snails, which moved about by drawing up in a sort of a ball and then throwing themselves out again; others we called "tied-tails," because they were tied by their tails; others, again, we called "scissors-tails," from two nippers on the end of their tails. All of them fight, excepting the "leeches," but the "potato-bugs" generally get the best of the fights. I should like to know through the "Letter-Box," the names of the animals I have been trying to describe.—Your constant reader, ROBERT WILSON, JR.

WE already have told you a little about Gustave Doré, the great French artist, who made the picture from which our frontispiece for this month is taken. He has drawn hosts of fine pictures and of a great many kinds. His illustrations of the Bible, and of Milton's "Paradise Lost," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," The Legend of the Wandering Jew, Dante's poems and other works, have made him famous in all countries. In many of these illustrations, however, he has represented such startling and terrible scenes that they would frighten some of our young ST. NICHOLAS folk.

But Doré does not care to draw grand or terrible pictures only. He likes to work for the children sometimes, and he has succeeded so admirably that boys and girls who have never seen his weird illustrations admire him just as much as their elders do. His drawings for La Fontaine's Fables, and for the Nursery Stories, are as well known as any of his works.

You will not need to be told about the picture which is shown you for our frontispiece. You all know why Hop-o-my-Thumb is the last one in the odd procession, and why he lags behind, and what his outstretched hand means. And you know why the father and mother are not looking back, but are resolutely trudging on. Doré very wisely did not turn their faces toward us, for he knew the story, and he is as skillful in drawing an ugly, horrible face as a beautiful, fresh one, and you can imagine what he would have done with such a father and mother as Hop-o-my-Thumb's. They must have had hard, cruel faces,—don't you think so? Certainly, even the most beautifully formed features could not have made such a pair lovely.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about our new servant-girl. She came from Norway, where (she tells us) they cook enough in spring to last them all summer; and washing-day comes only twice a year. The snow is so high that it covers the windows so they cannot see outside.

While our girl lived there, she used to knit all the short winter days, and make the house inside as cheery as possible.

Our girl has a picture of a farm in her trunk; she brought it from

Norway. It don't look like our own dear farms, with fields of wheat, corn and other grains. It has a few stubby trees, and a small but strongly built house of logs. I had to tell her it was beautiful, as she thinks a good deal of her native land. Of course, she has a right to. But, ST. NICHOLAS, don't you think we had better stay in our own dear native land, and let the people of Norway stay in theirs?

I like our girl very much, and hope I shall love her before she leaves us.—Your loving reader, S.

P. S.—The reason why our girl left Norway was because her step-mother made her step around too lively.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl ten years old, and live in Texas. I read a long piece in your May number about ants, how they live. I am more anxious to know how they die. There are two beds of them in our yard. They sting us very often, which is very painful. They sting my little brother, who is two years old, so that it was two or three hours before he got any relief.—Your friend,

MAY W. COLE.

THESE VERSES COME TO US FROM A LITTLE GIRL:

PUPPY.

BY VIOLET VEARY.

I KNEW a little puppy,
The sweetest ever seen,
He had two lovely, lovely eyes,
The loveliest shade of green.

His hair it was long and curly,
And as white as the flakes of snow,
It was as soft as could be,
Even as soft as dough.

He never would borrow,
And he never would lend,
And he is dead now,
So this is the end.

Will the authors of the poems beginning "A little boy went out to shoot one day," and "Birdie! Birdie! where's your nest!" and of the verses entitled "One of Mamma's Jingles," please send their full names and addresses to the Editor?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We went on a fishing excursion not long ago, out here in Texas. My brother and I soon got tired of fishing, and we amused ourselves by burning wood-rats' nests. You might think it cruel to burn their nests, but it is not, for the rats are very destructive to the farmers' grain. The nests are made in the middle of very prickly cactus which has thorns of all sizes, some large and some small, the small being the worst, as they bury themselves in the flesh, for they are as fine as a hair and give great pain. The wood-rats' nests are made of the trash which they drag from the woods and pile in the middle of the cactus; then they burrow underneath; they gnaw the roots of the cactus so as to make it die, but even when it is dead the thorns are still a protection to the rats.

The wood-rat is of a grayish color and is of the size of a new-born kitten; its tail is three inches long, and it has very small ears. We set six nests on fire; we could have burnt more, but we were called to dinner. In one place, where the cactus arched over, there was a nice little bed; the bottom was covered with moss, and on top of the moss there was fresh grass.—Yours truly,

CONSTANCE T.

W. E. B. asked in the May "Letter-Box" what was the only green flower in the world. To this, Margaret Evershed, writing from Guildford, England, replies: "The 'Daphne Laureola' has light-green flowers; it is a small shrub, which grows in English woods. There are also the 'Stinging Nettle,' 'Wild Mignonette,' 'Mercury,' 'Man-Orchis,' 'Tway-Blade,' 'Wild Clematis,' and 'Briony.'"

"Bessie and her cousin" answer: "'Veratrum Viride,' which grows in the woods near Wrentham, Mass., has a green flower."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps persons trying to train cats will like to know that I have succeeded in teaching my Maltese pussy to perform a variety of funny tricks. In 1876 I was very ill; and when I was recovering, my uncle sent me a two-months-old Maltese kitten,

very pretty and graceful. It being the year of the Exposition, I named my little pet "Centennial," which was soon shortened to Tenney. Tenney was a remarkably intelligent kitten, and though he often worried me dreadfully, yet I generally enjoyed teaching him. Tenney's first lesson was to ask for his dinner by sitting up on his hind-legs, and crying. This he learned in two months.

Another trick I saw in "Old-Fashioned Girl." I sat down before the piano with Tenney in my lap, and a small stick, with which I pointed to the keys. By a practice of three months, Tenney would strike each key that I pointed to, and, as I pointed fast, it sounded quite prettily.

There is one trick which Tenney will *not* learn. That is, to hold a piece of meat on his nose till I count ten, and then eat it. I lay the meat on his nose and begin, "One, two—" but it is of no use to count further, for the meat has disappeared down Tenney's throat at one gulp.—Your true friend,

MAUDE ADDISON.

LIZZIE BROWN.—The verses entitled "Our School," signed "A Scholar," and with no address but "Washington," are held until the full postal address is made known to the Editor.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tallahassee, my home, is twenty miles from the coast, a thousand feet above the sea-level. It is a very pretty place, with its large live-oaks, magnolias, and gardens with roses and japonicas. Near the city is old Fort St. Louis, on a hill of surpassing beauty. The tradition is, the Spaniards held a strong fort here, the Indians surrounded the fort, and shot at it with their arrows. The Spaniards became short of food. They set to work to dig a subterranean passage, through which they safely passed. Four stakes mark the place where they came out. Arrow-heads have been found sticking in the trees. A crucifix, a gold spoon, and three matchlock-guns were found there. I am just ten years old, and have never been to school.

WILLIE L. BETTON.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your answer about soap-bubbles to *Perlie Waterhouse*, in a "Letter-Box" of several months ago, reminds me of another, and very curious, instance of air getting into water. I mean the cone-shaped jets that rise from the mist-shrouded whirl-pool just beneath the Falls at Niagara, and reach sometimes above the level of the top of the precipice. Most observers would think these are jets of water only, but I believe they really are filled with air, which, becoming pent in the vast sheets of water as they fall, strikes the rocks beneath, and rebounds with a great noise high up into the air, carrying with it a coating or thick film of water.

No doubt many of the readers of the "Letter-Box" have seen these jets, and will be glad to have this explanation of them.

B. R. W.

MATERIALS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Here is part of a timely communication from E. A. E.: "Please remind the children that the gifts most pleasant to receive are those which have been made by the hands of the givers, especially Christmas gifts. And tell them that gourds are excellent material for home-made presents, and that now is the season to plant them. The vines will hide an unsightly trellis, wall or fence, and, after the early frosts, there will be plenty of dry gourds of all shapes and sizes. Any boy or girl who has the knack and taste for making quaint and dainty things can turn these gourds into all kinds of work-baskets, card-receivers, vessels in which to stand flower-bowls, imitation antique vases (made with mated bottle-gourds), ring-stands, jewel-cases, ink-bottle holders, toilet-boxes, match-safes and scores of other useful and ornamental articles."

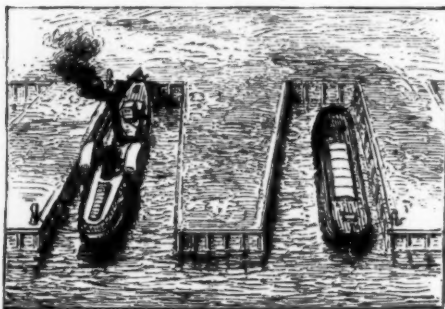
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago, while in school, our little school-ma'am asked one of her brightest scholars how many nints there were in a ship. She answered and said it depended upon how large the ship was. I want to ask you what you think about it.—Your constant reader,

CLYDE M. ARNOLD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My auntie in Vienna has a beautiful cat, a striped Angora, with long hair and a bushy tail, and a very pretty face. One day she left the cat in the house with Frau Weingarten, who loved the cat, Pretzel, very much. She was dusting a room four stories up, and opened a window. Pretzel saw a dove fly by and jumped out of the window, never thinking how high it was. When Frau Weingarten got down to the street, she found Pretzel lying stretched out on the sidewalk, and more than a hundred people looking at him. She took him up and carried him in, and the next day Pretzel was as well as ever; but Frau Weingarten went to bed and was sick for two days!

A. C. B.

This picture was contributed by F. L. P., a twelve-year-old boy, who drew it and used it in a little manuscript "paper," which he edited by himself. The picture is a rebus, and the solution is the answer to this question: "Why is this a seeming impossibility?"



FOR RAINY VACATION DAYS.—Make a two-letter square-word like those given in this month's "Riddle-Box," but with four places instead of three. The best one received shall be printed in the "Riddle-Box," with the maker's name.

AN old friend of St. NICHOLAS writes, among other things: Please warn your young readers always to write plainly, or they may put their friends into a predicament like that in which the sisters of the great Lord Clive once found themselves. While he was in India, these good ladies sent him a very handsome present from England. They read in his reply that he returned them "an elephant." This annoyed them very much, and put them to great inconvenience, in trying to arrange what should be done with the huge animal on its arrival. At length, when they were at their wits' end, they found they had misread the letter. Their brother had written very badly, saying he returned "an equivalent,"—something equal in value,—not an elephant!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a paper dated Saturday, January 4, 1800. Did the Fourth of January, 1800, come on a Saturday? Please ask the "Letter-Box" readers to let me know.—Yours truly, JIMMY C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a small but true story about a little sea-gull, which I think will interest some of your contributors:

My father went down to Long Island on an excursion, and he found several sea-gulls' nests, and out of some of them he took a few eggs, and put them carefully in his pocket and brought them home to me, and said, "Here is something for you," and gave them to me. I thanked him, and took them in my hand, when, suddenly, "Squeak! squeak!" came from one of the eggs. So I examined all of them till I found the right one; and, when I found it, I kept it warm.

In the morning the bird had hatched without feathers, and in the afternoon you could not see the skin because of the down, which was half an inch long. As soon as I could, I fed it on fish mashed up with bread and boiled milk. The bird had to be fed every half-hour. It was a good deal of trouble, but I kept it alive for four days before it died. I tried to have it stuffed, but the taxidermist said that the skin was too thin.

I think 'most all who read this will think it very queer, and so do I. S. V., 13 years.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about Jack, a little black-and-tan terrier that belongs to my grandfather. Grandpa lives about sixty miles up the Hudson River, and two or three-years ago I was spending the summer with him when the locusts were very plentiful in that part of the country. Jack was very fond of locusts, and would eat them with great relish; but he would not touch a dead one. He was also very fond of grasshoppers, and after he had finished eating one, he would look up at you and wag his tail, as if asking for more. He used to walk all over the piazza and eat all the ants that happened to be upon it. One morning I was sitting on the piazza when I heard a yelp from Jack, and on going to him to see what was the matter, I found him engaged in a fight with a wasp, whose nest he had ventured to attack. The wasp had stung him in the

mouth; but at last Jack struck him with his paw, and then ate him, and seemed to like him very much. Don't you think this is a very queer taste for a dog to have? I think a society for the prevention of cruelty to insects would be a very good thing; but I am afraid Jack would not be enrolled as one of its members.—I remain, your faithful reader, M. Du B. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your story of "Why Patty spoke in Church," in the February number, reminds me of something that happened in our church. It was right in the middle of the sermon, and I knew the noise came from Tommy's pocket. Everybody in the church, even the clergyman, was looking straight at Tommy. The noise sounded just like a kitten's squeak, anyway. There was Tommy's sister Bessie sitting next to him, and before her Mamma could prevent it, Bessie had climbed upon the seat and stood straight up. Then, looking right at the minister, she said:

"That 's my woolly pussy-cat's squeak. Tommy, he took the squeak out of her to play with!"

Did you ever in all your life hear of a little girl doing such a thing as that in church?

Many of the people laughed, but the sermon soon went on again. Only Tommy had to give the "squeaker" to Mamma.—Yours truly, G. H.

The following little poem was translated, from the German of the poet Uhland, by Lillian Gesner, a girl of thirteen years:

THE INN

I put up at an inn to dine,
Mine host was trusty, stanch;
A golden apple was his sign
Upon a bending branch.

It was a good old apple-tree
In whose house I put up,
Delicious food he offered me,
With nectar filled my cup.

And shelter 'neath his green roof sought
Full many a light-winged guest;
They feasted, danced, and cared for naught,
But sang and danced their best.

I found a bed for soft repose,
The soft, green, grassy glade;
Mine host, himself, around me throws
His curtain's cooling shade.

I asked him what I had to pay,—
He shook his verdant crown;
May blessings, till the latest day,
Be o'er him showered down.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This fable in French, which I send, was written all by myself. I hope you will print it in the magazine. I am sixteen years old.—Yours truly, A. J. McN.

"LA VIGNE ET LA TRUELLE."

UNE Truelle s'appuyait contre une treille par laquelle une petite Vigne grimpa.

"Pourquoi," dit la Truelle mécontente, "faut-il que je travaille pendant que vous ne travaillez pas? Pour ma part, je désirerais que vous fassiez comme moi."

"En vérité," répondit la petite Vigne, "je ne crois pas être paresseuse. J'essaie de monter à la plus haute partie de la treille cet été, car je pense que cela plaira au Jardinier."

Un Fermier voisin, aimant faire la morale, conclut ainsi: "De vous-même, Truelle, vous ne pouvez nouer d'un ponce. Outre cela, nous sommes tous presque comme des outils dans la main de notre Créateur, et, sans son aide, nous ne pouvons mouvoir pas plus que la Truelle."

Soyez semblables à la Vigne, croissant en grâce et en pureté de cœur: grimpaient par la treille de la vertu; étant contents de faire l'ouvrage que le bon Dieu nous a donné.

A. J. McN. sends also an English version of her fable, but other St. NICHOLAS boys and girls, who are studying French, may wish to make their own translations of the fable into English. If so, and if they send them to Editorial Rooms, St. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, New York, before August 20, the best one shall be printed in the "Letter-Box."

The translations are to be written on only one side of the paper, marked with the ages, full names and addresses of their writers.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer has five words spelled with twenty-one letters, and is a common saying to a person who falls suddenly into a brown study. The saying had its origin in Old England.

The 7, 17, 4, 5, 6 is comical. The 21, 8, 9, 13, 10 is grieved. The 14, 16, 12, 18, 19 is hard to snap. The 15, 11, 20 is raised to a great heat. The 1, 2, 3 is an animal. GILBERT FORREST.

RIDDLE.

SUPPLY a different word at the end of each stanza.

I walked in the garden one sunny day;
There were roses, fair lilies and dusty-miller,
And many sweet flowers in bright array;
There, too, on a leaf, was a *****.

To capture the stranger was easy quite;
Though a glass-covered prison was not amiss.
I fed him and left him in safety at night;
At morn, I found only his *****.

I've waited in patience full many a day,
Still hoping my captive might flutter by
On wings like the rainbow, so
brilliant and gay.

Behold him! My beautiful
*****!

LILIAN PAYSON.

TREE PUZZLE.

How would you arrange twenty-nine trees so that there should be twenty-two straight rows of them, and five trees in each row? CHARLES F. BROWN.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

R
M M
E E E E

RE-ARRANGE the letters of this pyramid so as to form a familiar phrase of two words.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN named river in Virginia (1) mountains in New Hampshire (2) sent a river in Brazil (3) to the store of the mountains in Washington Territory (4), to order some islands in the Pacific Ocean (5) for the wedding of his city in France (6).

The groom was lake in New York (7) peak in British America (8), and the bride was named city in Italy (9) city in Texas (10), although the bridegroom said he'd rather city in Cuba (11), or city in North Carolina (12) than city in France (13) as she was so islands near England (14). It was this same man who went hunting one day and brought home a cape of South America (15), which he had taken from a lake in Maine (16).

As he wanted a river in Michigan (17) wedding, he had ordered such quantities of river on coast of Long Island, (18) town in New Jersey (19), islands in Malaysia (20), river in Idaho (21), and country in Europe (22), that people thought he could not be river in France (23).

The bride had a dress of city in France (24), a city of Italy (25) hat, a handsome mountain in Oregon (26), and one of her gifts was a islands in the Atlantic (27). It was sea on coast of Asia (28).

On their tour the pair met with a great cape south of Australia (29). The day was lake north of Minnesota (30) and the air very mountains in North Carolina (31), and the path along which they strolled was island south of Connecticut (32) and lake in New York (33), so they were in constant cape of North Carolina (34). Once they forgot to cape of North Carolina (35) and met city in France (36). In their hurry to escape, the bride fell over the capital of one of the United States (37), and raised a mountain in North Carolina (38) and mountains in the eastern part of the United States (39) on her forehead, and her sea east of Australia (40) jewelry was broken to pieces.

While she was getting well, the bridegroom dug some city in Germany (41) and tried to catch cape of Massachusetts (42), but slipped from the cape in the south of England (43), and had an unexpected

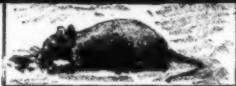
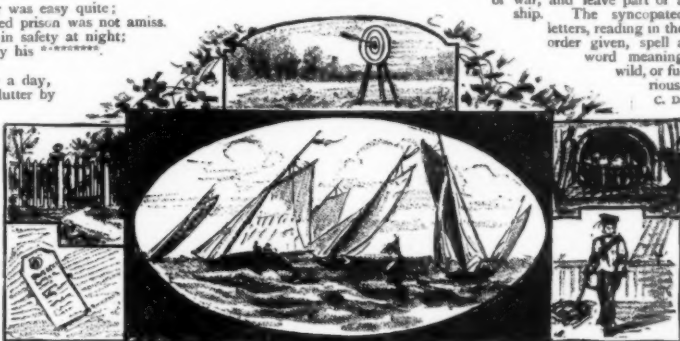
city in Maine (44). The water was very deep and he was in point on coast of Australia (45) of being swallowed by country in Europe (46). He wished Noah could be there to rescue him in a city of New Jersey (47). At last he reached the shore, mounted a horse, and, holding by its one of the United States (48), was soon snug in a sea in the south of Europe (49).

This happened in cape of New Jersey (50) during some cape on Pacific coast of United States (51).

H. R. W.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

1. SYNCOPATE images, and leave whips. 2. Syncopate part of every house that has an upper floor, and leave to move about. 3. Syncopate to disjoin and leave a prophet. 4. Syncopate a measure of weight, and leave the most lasting feature of a Cheshire cat. 5. Syncopate an animal with a beautiful skin, and leave one row of many rows. 6. Syncopate a weapon of war, and leave part of a ship. The syncopated letters, reading in the order given, spell a word meaning wild, or furious.
C. D.



EASY PICTURE ENIGMA.

THE answer is one word of seven letters, and is indicated

by the largest picture in the illustration. Each of the small pictures represents an object, the name of which may be spelled from the letters of the answer.

GEORGE CHINN.

TWO-LETTER WORD-SQUARES.

THESE puzzles are like ordinary, one-letter word-squares, excepting that in each place where there is but one letter in the simple squares the new squares have two, thus:

FL	OR	IN
OR	IO	LE
IN	LE	TS

No heed is paid to breaking the words into proper syllables, but each couple of letters is kept together and used as if it were only one letter. The coupled letters form the same words whether read straight across or downward.

The following puzzles are made in the same way as the example shown:

I. 1. A large wood. 2. To make a person sit down again. 3. An image. II. 1. A person whose word has great weight. 2. Admittance. 3. To become less. III. 1. Neither beside nor after, nor above nor below. 2. To wander in search of food. 3. A ruler. IV. 1. A part of the year. 2. A Parsee. 3. A current. V. 1. Hoards. 2. Adorned. 3. Regard. VI. 1. Where Alexander won a victory over Darius. 2. To suit. 3. To sorrow. VII. 1. A living American artist. 2. Not I! 3. A grain-eating insect.
Y. Z. Z.

DOUBLE DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

For Older Puzzlers.

In this puzzle, the cross-words have each seven letters, and form two squares, one above the other, there being seven lines to each square. The diagonals of the upper square, reading the letters downward, are used for the diagonals of the lower square, but with a slight change in the spelling.

UPPER SQUARE.—The diagonals from left to right, and the diagonals from right to left, reading both downward, form all that is visible in any coin or medal. To find the cross-words: Fill the blanks in the following sentence with words to make sense. Place them under each other in the order given, and the diagonals will appear:

"By being too ready an — of others, he became, himself, financially involved. But, being — in mind than most debtors are, he needed to have the sense of his obligations continually —. Though himself a bankrupt, he still, more than once, rashly put his name to the notes and bills of pleasant-spoken sharpers. His intimate — tried their best to — the heinousness of his fault, and to show him that business men would have good cause to — his character if he should continue to — for others while a hopeless debtor himself."

LOWER SQUARE.—The diagonal from left to right is an anagram upon the left-to-right diagonal of the upper square. The diagonal from right to left is an anagram upon the right-to-left diagonal of the upper square. In finding the cross-words, the sentence must be completed as in the preceding instance, excepting that, in this one, the first blank is to be filled with the word which forms the diagonal running from right to left;

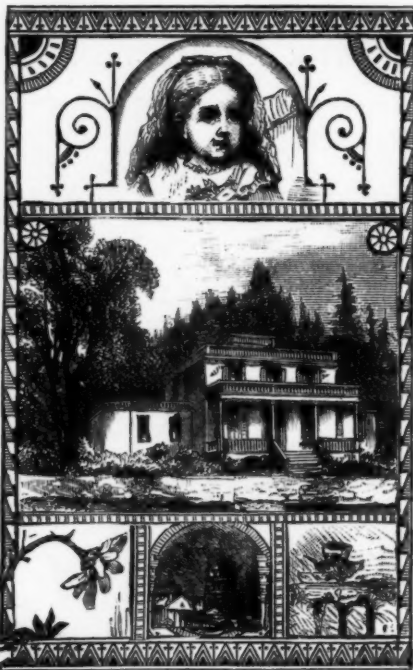


ILLUSTRATION FOR PICTORIAL METAGRAM.

the second with the left-to-right diagonal, reading both downward. The words follow in the order given:

"He was self-absorbed, and, as regards the expression of feeling, a man of great —. So little was he used to — nature, that he might have seen a robin or a crocus in — without agreeing. He was severe, an — of mirthfulness, thinking all time — which was passed in recreation. While praising — he was himself bound by mental bands as hard and unyielding as fetters of —. In argument or conversation he was subtle, fussy and —, so that an agreeable discussion would have formed a rare — in his history." J. P. B.

PICTORIAL METAGRAM.

DESCRIBE one of the five pictures in the accompanying illustration, by one word of nine letters; from those letters make — one at a time — the words needed to describe the four other pictures.

AUNT SUE.

EASY SQUARE WORD.

1. A FRUIT. 2. A volcano. 3. Wise insects. 4. Grate.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

In this puzzle, the third and fourth letters of the cross-words, read in the usual manner downward, form the two acrostic words. Each cross-word has six letters.

Cross-words: 1. Fright. 2. Coverings. 3. Wild. 4. Stupid, or unmoved. 5. Part of a suit of armor. 6. A short name for a girl with a long name.

Acrostic words: 1. Formed by reading downward the third letters of the cross-words.—An uprising. 2. Formed by reading downward the fourth letters of the cross-words.—Dominions. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

FOUR EASY SQUARE WORDS. I. 1. Sane. 2. Arid. 3. Nice. 4. Eden. II. 1. Hunt. 2. Utah. 3. Nape. 4. Thew. III. 1. Pose. 2. Onen. 3. Seed. 4. Ends. IV. 1. Atom. 2. Type. 3. Opal. 4. Melt. — CHARADE. Regent-bird.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

S	P
TUN	ALE
SUGAR	PLUMS
NAG	EMU
R	S

ENIGMATICAL FABLE. The vine has *tendrils* (ten drills)

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. Samuel Finley Breese Morse.

TRANSPOSITIONS. I. Notes, tones, onset, stone. II. Tars, star, arts, rats. III. Amy, May, yam.

DIAMOND. 1. O. 2. Arm. 3. Altar. 4. Ortolan. 5. MaLay. 6. Ray. 7. N.

TELEGRAPHIC PATRIOTIC VERSE. Hymn "America." First stanza. — PICTORIAL ENIGMA. The Glorious Fourth of July.

DIAGRAM. The accompanying diagram shows the solution of "Crow's" puzzle in July "Letter-Box":

"The star spangled banner; oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Francis Scott Key.

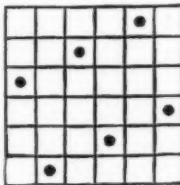
SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. I. Israel Putnam. II. John André.

III. Patrick Henry. IV. Francis Marion.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC RIDDLE. Zanoah (Joshua 5, 34).

1. Ziz (2 Chr., 20, 16). 2. Ara (1 Chr., 7, 38).

3. Non (1 Chr., 7, 27). 4. Ono (1 Chr., 8, 12). 5. Ava (2 Kings, 17, 24).



6. Halah (2 Kings, 18, 11).

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in June number, from: "Two little bees," of Avon, France, 3—F. C. H. and M. H. H., of Wimbledon Common, England, 4—and E. E. S., 12.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES in the June number were received, before June 20th, from R. N. B., 1—J. E. B., 1—E. S. T., 1—L. H. D. St. V., 5—B. B., 1—A. N. B., 5—F. C., 1—M. B. C., 6—C. H. B., 1—D. M., 1—B. T., 7—"Bessie & Cousin," 8—G. A. H., 9—L. C. F., 7—A. P. R., 1—M. B., 1—"Rex," Cadiz, 3—E. and A., 4—R. B. C., 1—C. F. and H. L. B. Jr., 8—"Helen's Babies," 7—W. O. J., Jr., 4—"Konny," 6—J. V. L. P., 9—B. W., 6—S. W. P., 6—G. and H. R., 6—"Two Cousins," 7—C. H., Jr., 4—L. V. L., 7—E. and R. P., 4—T. S. V. P., 8—A. H. and G. F. L., 5—R. R., 1—S. F. C., 4—L. E. L., 7—A. W., 2—L. H. P., 7—C. and M. F. S., 4—B. R. H., 9—C. H. H., 1—K. F., 7—Robin Hood, 3—A. K. P., 12—P. S. C., Beverly, 9—C. R. McM., 1—R. A. G., 4—Stowe Family, 11—F. L. K., 10—W. A. and H. B. H., 8—L. G. C., 4—O. C. T., 11—Pansy, 9—"Two Little Bees," 5—P. S. C., 6—J. McK., 9.

Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF SAN MARCO.

[See page 891.]